

THE SATURDAY

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AN INTERVAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUGUST BELL.

The roses are blushing this morning
At kiss of the sun,
As down through the alley of lindens
I wander alone.
With a careless "good-morn," and gay laughter,
I have left in the lane
The friends who are fit for my pleasure,
But not for my pain.

For I would not have one of them with me
As I pause by this gate,
Where once in the Past that is vanished
We tarried so late.
The waters went rippling that evening
In melody by—
And the clouds kindly veiled as we stood there,
The eyes in the sky.

There was no one near us to listen,—
All still was the bird,
When his voice, the most thrilling, the sweetest
That ever I heard,
Called me—trembling—his own darling,
His love and his hope,—
Prayed me, worthless me, to fill for him
With nectar life's cup.
Just here he was standing so proudly,
Just here spoke so sweet,
With these very same lindens above us,
These flowers at our feet.
I loved him, I loved him—how thrilling
The bliss at my heart,
As I blushed 'neath the first kiss he gave when
We rose to depart!

Oh, this lane seemed a vista of glory,
The world was all new!
The stream never murmured so sweetly,
Nor skies looked so blue!
Ah! beautiful love that art vanished,
Wert thou with me now,
To-day I were happier, better,
Heaven's stamp on my brow.

But the stream, where we once loved to wander,
Flows sweet, past thy grave,
There down on the hillside beyond me,
Where sad willows wave,
And I have grown worldly and heartless,
For what else was left?
I reeled from all eyes my deep sorrow,
When of thee bereft.

But what am I saying and thinking?
How weak am I grown,
After six tearful years that had hardened
My heart like a stone!
Aye! what would those gay ones say to me,
Who near me now wait,
If they saw me weep under these lindens,
At this old crumbling gate!

No more, no more, oh, my angel,
Speak not to my soul,
But let the dear billows of Lethe
Still over me roll!
Now back through the alley of lindens,
And into the lane,
Where await me the friends of my pleasure,
Though not of my pain.

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT
FARM," "THE ROCK," &c., &c.

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of the District Court for the Eastern District of
Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER II.

THE SICK-ROOM.

The arrival of Mrs. Crane at South Wenlock took place on a Friday; consequently it was Saturday morning when the child was born. Mrs. Peppery chiefly busied herself with the latter, and Judith devoted the day to the sick lady, sitting by her bedside and tending upon her.

"Judith," she suddenly exclaimed, walking up from a dose late in the day, "how is it that you are able to be with me? I thought they said you were in service!"

"Not just now, ma'am; I have been in service, but have left my place, and am stopping with my sister at the next door, while I look out for another."

"Does your sister let lodgings as Mrs. Gould does?" questioned the invalid, who appeared to have forgotten what little Mrs. Gould had said about Judith.

"A lady lives at the next door," was Judith's reply, "and my sister is her servant."

Margaret has lived with her going on for eleven years.
"So that, just now, you are at liberty."
"Quite so, ma'am."
"See now how merciful God is!" uttered Mrs. Crane, placing her hands together in an attitude of reverence. "Last night, when I first began to be ill, and thought I should have nobody about me but that timorous Mrs. Gould, I turned sick with perplexity, with fear, I may say, at the prospect of being left alone to her. And then you seemed to be raised up for me, as if it were on purpose, and can be with me without hindrance. None but those who have stood in need of it know the full extent of God's mercy."

A glow, partly of pleasure, partly of shame, came over Judith's face as she listened. In a little corner of her inmost heart there had lurked a doubt whether it was all as straight as it ought to be with the young lady, who had come there in so strange a manner—whether that plain gold ring on her finger had been a genuine wedding-ring, or but a false bauble, placed there to deceive. The above reverential words of trust convinced Judith that the lady, whoever she might be, and whatever might be the mystery, was as honest as she was, and she took shame to herself for doubting her.

No girl, living a life of sin, could so speak with unaffected simplicity of the goodness of God. At least, so felt Judith, and she was a woman of strong sense and right feeling.

"I think, Judith, you must have been a great deal accustomed to attend upon the sick."

"Pretty well, ma'am. In my last place, where I lived four years, my mistress's sister was bedridden, and I attended upon her. She was a great sufferer. She died just three weeks ago, and they don't require me any longer; that's why I am changing."

"The mourning you wear is for her?"
"Yes it is, ma'am. Mr. Stephen Gray was her doctor, and never failed to come every day for all the four years, so that I feel quite at home with him—if that's a right expression for a servant to use, when speaking of a gentleman."

"What was the matter with her?"
"It was an inward complaint," said Judith, "causing her distressful pain. They were always trying fresh remedies to abate it, and give her ease, but nothing did much good. I don't think Mr. Stephen ever thought it would, but she would have things tried. Ah, ma'am, we talk about suffering, and pity it when people have headache or toothache, or even are laid up for a week or two; but only think what it must be, to lie by for years, and be in acute pain night and day!"

The tears had come into Judith's eyes at the remembrance. Mrs. Crane lay and looked at her. She had a white, sallow complexion, with keen gray eyes, and a large full forehead. Had one, gifted with phenomenal lore, examined the head of Judith, he would have found her largely gifted with the faculties of concentration and reticence. Good qualities, when joined to an honest heart.

"In suffering, such as that, Judith, there is but one resource, one consolation: the patience born of trust in God."

"Very true, ma'am; and she had learnt it. I think few can lie in that long protracted suffering without learning it; God pity them, if they do not, for their hearts must be hard. I had used to think, sometimes, that it must exhaust Mr. Stephen Gray's patience to come there so continually; then what must it have been for her?"

"I am glad I had Mr. Stephen Gray, Judith. What a kind man he is in illness! I should not have got through it half so well but for him; he did nothing but cheer me up, from first to last."

"I think that's the great secret with Mr. Stephen, why all his patients like to see him, he is so merry with them. But, ma'am, it may be wrong for you to talk so much."

"Why should it be wrong?" quickly returned Mrs. Crane. "I am as well as I can be. Mr. Stephen Gray said, this afternoon, he wished all his patients would do as well."

"You are young, ma'am, and I suppose healthy, and that goes a great way in illness." "Of course it does," replied Mrs. Crane. "I have been healthy and hearty all my life. Where was my work-box put, Judith?"

"It is on the drawers, by your bed's head," was Judith's reply. "Do you want it, ma'am?" "Unluckily, will you? you will find my keys somewhere about. Inside the little compartment that lifts up, there's a locket, set round with pearls. Bring it here."

Judith did as she was bid. It was a beautiful little locket not larger or much thicker than a shilling, the back of blue enamel; and small pearls were set close together, round the gold rim. The front was of glass, displaying a bit of silky hair; and a very fine gold chain, not longer than three inches, was attached to it on either side, a small ring being in its middle, as if it were to be worn either as a pendant to a bracelet, or resting on the neck.

"Is it not a pretty locket, Judith?"
"I don't believe there ever was such a pretty one made," replied Judith, her eyes sparkling with admiration, but scarcely presuming to touch it, although Mrs. Crane held it to her.

"I should like to give it to you as a token of remembrance; you have been so attentive to me. Keep it, Judith; that is my own hair inside, but you can take it out and put your sweetheart's in, if you have got one."

Judith was overwhelmed. She was reluctant to take what appeared to her so costly a toy, so out of all reason as a recompense for her poor services; but she scarcely liked to

refuse when a lady pressed it upon her. She protested, and with truth, that she had looked for nothing.

"Put it up in your treasure box, Judith; I am glad to give it you. Have you one?"
"No, ma'am, I have no treasure box, unless a pasteboard slip where I keep my poor mother's wedding-ring, and a pair of coral earrings, she gave me, can be called one."

"Now, Judith, you know I meant a sweet-heart."
"Indeed, then I have no sweetheart; but I am truly glad to see you in such spirits, dear lady; and I shall keep the beautiful present till I'm laid in my coffin."

"I do feel very well, and in good spirits. Hark! what hour can that be?"

Mrs. Gould's kitchen clock was striking, which had caused the inquiry.
"It is six, ma'am," said Judith.

"Six! Why you told me the London train came in at five!"

"There is a train comes in at five," returned Judith.

"Then where can she be? The person I sent for yesterday—she would get the letter this morning, and might have come away by the twelve o'clock train."

"There's another train will be in later," observed Judith. "Two more."

"You are sure you were in time for last night's post?"

"Quite sure," replied Judith, "I met the mail cart coming up the street for the letters as I came away."

Mrs. Crane lay, apparently in thought. Presently she began again.

"Judith, do you think my baby will live?"

"I don't see why it should not, ma'am. It's certainly very little, as is natural, but it seems healthy. I think it would have a better chance if you would nurse it, instead of letting it be brought up by hand."

"I cannot," said Mrs. Crane, in a somewhat peremptory tone. "Circumstances may occur that would render it inconvenient. Mrs. Smith will see to the baby when she comes, and that's why I am impatient for her arrival. I am glad it's a boy."

The evening and night passed, bringing not the expected visitor, and the invalid displayed symptoms of restlessness. On the following morning, Sunday, she arrived, having evidently travelled by the night train. At least one arrived, a middle-aged woman, of hard countenance, and dressed in a plain, but to be the person expected. But Mrs. Crane did not say, and caused herself to be shut up with the stranger.

The rooms occupied by Mrs. Crane were two, a bed-room and a sitting-room, opening to each other; each room had also a separate door, which opened to the landing. In the sitting-room a temporary bed had been placed for the nurse, and there she sat with the child. Judith was in and out of that room on the Sunday morning, but Mrs. Crane was still shut up with Mrs. Smith—as they supposed her to be. From the latter was heard a sound as of crying and lamentation; remembrance also; Mrs. Crane's tones were more feeble, but they told of retort, of indignant retort. Mrs. Peppery was of a constitution to take things coolly, but Judith was apprehensive for the effect of the excitement upon the invalid. She did not presume to interfere, Mrs. Crane having peremptorily desired not to be disturbed. Suddenly, the door between the two rooms was thrown open, and Mrs. Smith appeared.

The nurse was lying back idly in her chair, the infant on her lap, whom she was joggling with all the might of her two knees, after the approved Peppery fashion, and Judith sat at the window, crimping up a little cambric cap-bow with a silver knife. Mrs. Smith, who had taken off neither bonnet nor shawl, picked up the child, and carrying it to the window, examined its face attentively.

"It's not like her," she remarked to Judith, jerking her head in the direction of the bed-room.

Judith looked up.
"How can you judge, yet awhile?"

"And what a mite it is! Almost impossible to believe that such an atom can be endowed with life."

"A child, born before its time, is sure to be small," remarked Judith; and Mrs. Peppery assented as she went down stairs.

"Before its time, indeed!" frantically returned the stranger. "What business had she to be gampering off in railways, and in shaking omnibuses. Nasty, dangerous things! Its joints sent me a flying a most to its top, so what must they have done by a young, slight thing, like her? Now, a mile of ruts to get over; now, a mile of flint-stones! I think the commissioners of roads, down here, must all be a-bed and asleep."

"Everybody has been everlastingly talking about the badness of the road between the station and South Wenlock," returned Judith, "and it is said that the new doctor, Mr. Carlyon, made a complaint, and told them it was ruin to his horse and carriage to go over it. Then they laid down those flint-stones; perhaps because he spoke; I don't know."

"Who's Mr. Carlyon?"

"I told you," said Judith, "the new doctor. The lady would have had Mr. Carlyon to attend her, but he was absent. A lucky thing, I think, for Mr. Stephen Gray's sake and safe. Mr. Carlyon may be, for what I know, but he can't have had the experience, or the practice either, of Mr. Stephen."

"What has this child been fed on?" abruptly demanded Mrs. Smith.

"Barley water and milk, half and half. It

was a puzzle! Mother Peppery what to give it, as it's so little."

"I don't like the look of her," curtly continued the stranger.

"If we were all bought and sold by looks, some of us would remain on hand, and Mother Peppery's on," said Judith. "But she has got her wit about her; provided she keeps sober, there's not a better nurse going; and when people know her failing, they can guard against it."

"What a son? another nurse?"

"I'm only a neighbor. But the lady took a fancy to me, and I said I would stop with her for a few days. I'm sure she's a lady," added Judith.

"She's a lady born and bred. But she took and married as—as I think she ought not to have married. But she won't hear a word against him."

"Will he be coming here?" asked Judith.

"It's no business of mine, whether he does or not. It's their affair, and nobody else's. Where's this infant's things. They must be made into a bundle, and some food prepared for it."

Judith thought the remark strange.

"You are not going to take the baby away?"

"I am, though. The trains don't run thick on a Sunday; but there's one leaves the station at seven o'clock, and that's the one I shall travel by."

"You never mean to say you are going to take this little mortal all the way to London?"

"There's a reason why I shouldn't, and there's a cause why I should. Wrapped up in flannel, and ying in my arms in a first-class carriage, it will take no more harm than in this room."

Judith felt that it was not her place to interfere in Mrs. Crane's arrangements, whatever they might be.

"You were expected last evening," she observed, by way of keeping up the conversation.

"I daresay. But I couldn't come. I travelled all night, to come as soon as I did."

"And you'll travel all night again to-night?"

"It won't kill me," was the answer.

Mr. Stephen Gray's step was heard on the stairs. He went on at once to the bed-chamber by the direct door, not coming through the sitting-room. Mrs. Crane was flushed and feverish, which surprised and grieved the surgeon, he had found her so calm at his early visit that morning.

"What have you been doing," he exclaimed, "to excite yourself in this way?"

"I do feel a little hot; it is going off. The person I told you of, is come, and she—she—"

Mrs. Crane paused for a minute and then went on—"she lectured me upon being so imprudent as to travel, and I got angry with her."

Mr. Stephen looked very vexed.

"So sure as I have a patient going on unusually well, so sure does she go and upset it herself, by some nonsensical folly or other. I will give you a composing draught—and I must forbid all talking and excitement for a day or two. You must be silent now till evening."

"Very well," she answered. "Mr. Gray."

"What?" he returned.

"Can I have the baby baptized?"

"Baptized! Why should you wish it baptized? It is not in danger."

"It is going away to-day, to be nursed. And—"

"Have you heard of a fit person to undertake it?" he interrupted, never supposing that she alluded to the neighborhood. "I wish you would nurse it yourself, better for you, and the child too."

"I informed you that it was not convenient to me," she answered in a decisive tone.

"Neither, I think, would my husband be pleased, if I did. I wish it to be baptized before it goes away; perhaps there is some clergyman or curate in the town, who would come in and do it."

"I can arrange that," said Mr. Stephen.

"Only you keep quiet. What's the young giant's name to be?"

"I must think," replied Mrs. Crane.

"I should call him Samson, he's so big. But, joking apart, these little children born, do sometimes grow up into big men."

However, later in the morning, when church was over, and the Reverend William Lyett called at the house to perform the rite, Judith went down to him, and said that the sick lady had changed her mind, and was sorry to have troubled him. She preferred that the child should be baptized when it was older. So Mr. Lyett, with a kind hope that both the lady and the baby were going on satisfactorily, went away again. The event had caused quite a commotion in the little town, and all its particulars were known from one end of it to the other.

CHAPTER III.

THE PAGE ON THE STAIRS.

The omnibus, so often referred to, allowed itself half an hour to start and jolt over the unpromising two miles of road intervening between South Wenlock and the station at Great Wenlock, which was a large place of some note. When ordered, it would call for any passengers in South Wenlock, who might be going by it; consequently, at a quarter past six o'clock on this Sunday evening, it

drew up to a certain door in Palace street, and Mrs. Smith with two bundles, stepped into it; one of the bundles contained the baby, and the other the baby's clothes.

It happened that she was the only passenger that Sunday evening: the omnibus therefore, not having a full load, tore and jolted along to its heart's content, pretty nearly shaking Mrs. Smith to pieces. In vain she hampered at the windows and the roof, when she dared free her hand for a moment; but her hands had full occupation, the one taking care of the breathing bundle, the other clasping hold of any part it could, to steady herself; in vain she shrieked out to the driver that her brains were being "chucked out of her," and herself "battered to atoms;" the driver was a phlegmatic man, and never paid attention to these complaints of his customers. He knew, shaken or not, they must go by him, unless they had a private conveyance of their own, for there was no opposition omnibus, and the knowledge made him independent. The consequence of all the speed and jolting on this particular evening, was, that the omnibus arrived at Great Wenlock station unusually early, twenty minutes before the London up train would start, and five minutes before the London down train was expected.

Mrs. Smith, vowing vengeance against the driver and the omnibus, declared she would lay a complaint, and bounced out to do so. But the clerk at the station, and there was only one on that Sunday evening, and he a young man, aggravatingly laughed in Mrs. Smith's face, saying the omnibus had nothing to do with him. Mrs. Smith, overflowing with wrath, took herself and her bundles into the first-class waiting room, and there sat down. The room opened on one side to the platform, and on the other to the road, lately the scene of Mrs. Smith's unpleasant journey.

Five minutes, and the down train came steaming in. Some five or six passengers alighted, not more; the English, as a nation, do not prefer Sunday for making long journeys, and the train went steaming on again. The passengers dispersed; they belonged to Great Wenlock; all but one, and he came through the first-class waiting room, and stepped out on the road beyond.

He was a man of middle height, young still, slender, and of gentlemanly appearance and manners. His face was very fair; his eyes were of a remarkably pale blue, and his hair was light flaxen; his features were regular, and his lips thin and compressed. That he was a man of powerful will, and of great natural secretiveness, could not be doubted. A good-looking young man, a casual observer might have remarked; but had he been a reader of countenances, he might have suddenly halted in his opinion as he met the peculiar expression of the unfathomable eyes. Readers, note him well; it was Mr. Carlyon, and he will play his full part in this history.

Mr. Carlyon looked up and down the road, seeing nothing, except the omnibus, which had there been brought to a stand-still. He went back through the room to the platform.

"Taylor," said he, addressing a railway porter, "has my groom been here with the carriage?"

"No, sir; not that I have seen; but we only opened the station about ten minutes back."

Mr. Carlyon retraced his steps, glancing keenly at the middle-aged woman who occupied the room, and whose dress, plain but respectable, scarcely indicated what might be her circumstances in life. She paid no attention to him, she was occupied in letting her anger effervesce: it was the twilight hour, and the room was dark, caused by the shade of the covered platform on the side the windows looked, so that neither of the two could distinguish the features of the other. A loss not felt, for they were strangers. Mr. Carlyon leaned against the door-post, softly whistling, and peering once more down the road in the direction of South Wenlock.

"Dobson," said he, as the driver of the omnibus came in sight, to look after his vehicle and his patient horses, "did you see my fellow anywhere, as you came along? I gave him orders to be here to meet the train."

"Now, sir, I didn't see nothing on him. He's mistook 'em, maybe, or else forgot. Like to take advantage of the empty 'bus, sir?"

"He did not mistake them, and he had better not forget," returned Mr. Carlyon, in a careless sort of tone, as he recommenced his whistling, which, by the way, was a tune from a popular opera. But the driver was not to be so put off.

"The 'bus is a going back empty, sir; won't you get in?"

"Thank you," sarcastically returned Mr. Carlyon, "you had the chance of bumping me to a jelly once; I can't stand it a second time."

"But it was afore I knowed who you was, sir. I takes care not to bump our gentry; I drives slow when I has them inside."

"They may trust to you if they will; I don't. If my carriage is not here shortly, I shall walk."

The driver acceded to his seat, whipped up his horses, and set off home, his hat bobbing upwards with the speed, and his omnibus flying behind him.

By this time, it wanted ten minutes to seven, the period, as Mrs. Smith had been informed, when she could get her ticket. She deposited the live bundle at the very back of the wide sofa, and went to procure it. Mr. Carlyon

turned into the room by the back door, as the left by the front one, and was leisurely striding up and down it, yawning one minute, whistling the next, when a feeble cry was heard to proceed from the pocket on the sofa.

It brought him and his whistling to a stand still. He stood in amazement, staring at the sofa. The cry was repeated, somewhat louder.

"Why, bless my heart, if I don't believe it's a youngster!" he uttered, having deemed it to be nothing but a bag of clothes. And approaching the sofa, he dived into the wrappings and the flannels, and felt a warm face.

But he could not see; the obscurity was too great. He leisurely drew some wax matches from his pocket, struck one, and held the light over the opening. It was one of the smallest faces he had ever seen, and a little red object which began to exercise its lungs. The match burnt out, and Mr. Carlyon, threw his end away just as Mrs. Smith returned.

"So you've woke up, have you?" cried Mrs. Smith, apostrophizing the child: "it's an odd thing to see, you could sleep through the doings of that pestiferous omnibus. Come along, baby; five minutes yet, before we can get into the carriage!"

"I thought magic must be at work, to hear a human cry from a bundle of clothes," exclaimed Mr. Carlyon. "I lighted a match, to make sure it was not a rabbit there."

"It's as much like a rabbit as a child, just yet, poor little thing," retorted Mrs. Smith, who had anything but recovered her equanimity. "I never saw such a baby born."

"It is not at its full time," observed Mr. Carlyon.

"And who are you, sir, that you should offer your opinion to me about 'full time'?" returned Mrs. Smith, scandalized at the remark from one whom she deemed a young man. "What do you know of babies, pray?"

"At least as much as you, my good lady. I have brought plenty into the world."

"Oh, then, you are a doctor," she replied, considerably mollified; "that alters the case."

"Yes, I am a doctor. And, as a doctor, I will tell you that little specimen of humanity is not fit to travel."

"Of course it's not. But necessity has to do many things, without waiting for fitness."

"When was it born? To-day?"

"Yesterday morning. Sir, have you any influence in this neighborhood?"

"Why?" returned Mr. Carlyon, without directly answering the question.

"Because, if you have, I hope you'll use it to put down that horrible omnibus. It—"

"Do you mean the omnibus that plies between here and South Wenlock?" interrupted Mr. Carlyon.

"Yes, I do. The way it jolts and rattles over the road is enough to kill whoever may be inside it. I went in it to South Wenlock this morning, and that was bad enough, but when I came back this evening, I did really believe I should have lost my life—jolting one's head up to the roof, taking one's feet off the ground and jolting them down again, jolting one's—one's—middle on to the seat! I shall be sore all over for a month to come; and the more I kneaded and called, the faster the sinners drove; and I, with this baby to hold all the while."

"It is too bad," returned Mr. Carlyon, "and surprising that South Wenlock puts up with it. There'll be some serious result out of these days, and then South Wenlock will be glad to start another omnibus."

"The serious result has come," wrathfully returned Mrs. Smith. "A young lady, hardly fit to travel in an easy carriage, rode in it to South Wenlock last Friday, and the result was this poor little infant."

"Indeed. And what of her?"

"Well, I hope she'll be all right; they say so."

"One of the Messrs. Gray's patients, I suppose."

"Gray? Yes, that's the name of her doctor."

"Was it young Mrs. Lipscombe, on the rise?"

"No, it was not, sir; and who it was, don't matter: whether it was a lady of honor to Queen Victoria, or a poor peasant woman, the injury's the same; and much that rascally omnibus cares!"

At this moment, dashing up with the speed of the omnibus, came a vehicle to the door, driven by a servant in livery. We scarcely know what name to give it. Far more elegant than a gig, lower, and indeed built quite in a different style, the word carriage is yet too pretentious. Mr. Carlyon, however, called it so, for want, perhaps, of a better name. A light cover, quite distinct from the old-fashioned head, could be raised over it in the sunshine or in the rain, and it was drawn by one horse.

The noise took out Mr. Carlyon. He spoke in a quiet tone; but the quiet of some men is worse than the noise of others.

start in time. I will know when I get home what prevented you."

He ascended to the right hand side as he spoke, pointing his finger imperiously to the left, as a signal that it was to be Evan's. It was not often that Mr. Carlyon took the reins; whether he doubted his servant's perfect sobriety that night cannot be explained, but he chose to take them then.

"If you please, sir, would you have the lamps lighted," hesitated Evan, before he got up.

"No," returned Mr. Carlyon. "And had you been here to time, there would have been no question of wanting them."

He drove off fast as he spoke; the light vehicle was a better one to go over the stones and the ruts than the lumbering omnibus, whose springs had probably gone long ago. Mrs. Smith, her bundle in her arms, had come to the back door to listen and to see; in another minute, she had taken her place in the railway carriage.

Mr. Carlyon and his servant sped along in silence; the latter did not presume to break it, and the former did not choose to. All in an instant the horse started, apparently at something in the hedge, started forward with a spring, and fell. Mr. Carlyon and his man were both thrown out, and the shafts of the carriage were broken.

It was the work, I say, of an instant. One moment, spinning along the road; the next, lying in it. Mr. Carlyon was the first to gather himself up. He certainly was shaken, and one of his legs did not seem quite free, but there was no material damage. He approached the horse, took it by the head, and strove to raise it; but it appeared more than he could accomplish.

"Evan,"

There was no reply. Mr. Carlyon then went to his man and strove to raise him, but succeeded no better than he had done with the horse. The man lay insensible; he had been pitched on his head.

Mr. Carlyon was not of a patient temper, and he gave vent to it.

"Well, this is a pretty state of things!"

"What's the to-do? what's up?" exclaimed a peasant woman, approaching the gate of the road-side field.

"Are there any men about? Can you get me some help?" inquired Mr. Carlyon.

She shook her head.

"There's nobody about but me; my husband's down with the fever." She had an intelligent face, and she approached the horse and looked at it, touching it here and there.

"It's the off fore leg where the hurt is, I think, sir; it may be nothing but a sprain. Why—goodness save us! there's a man a-lying, too!"

"I must have help," said Mr. Carlyon.

"Neither horse nor man can lie here."

"What caused it, sir?"

"That's more than I can say. The horse was always sure-footed till to-night. His falling is inexplicable."

The woman seemed to muse.

"I don't like them unaccountable accidents," she resumed, with a dreary air, "them accidents that come, and nobody can tell why. They bode ill luck."

"They bring ill luck enough, without boding it," returned Mr. Carlyon.

"They bode it too," said the woman, with a nod of her head. "Take care, sir, that no ill happens to you, in the next few hours or few days."

"What ill should happen to me?" asked Mr. Carlyon, laughing inwardly at the woman's superstition.

"We can none of us tell beforehand what the ill hanging over us may be, or from what quarter it will come. Perhaps you were going a journey; I don't know, sir, or who you may be; but if so I should say, halt in it; and don't go to the place you intended."

"My good woman, I do think you must be out of your mind!" uttered Mr. Carlyon.

"No I'm not, sir, but perhaps I have observed more than most folk do. I'm certain, I'm convinced by experience, that many of these hindrances are only warnings—if we was but wise enough to take 'em as such. You, now, sir, were on your road to some place—"

"South Wenlock, not a mile off," put in Mr. Carlyon, mockingly.

"South Wenlock, so be it, sir. Then all I can say is, that, was I, I would not go on to South Wenlock; I'd rather turn myself round and go back whence I came. This may be sent as a warning to you not to go there."

But for the untoward and vexatious circumstances around him, Mr. Carlyon would have laughed outright.

"Why, I live at South Wenlock," he exclaimed. "But the question now is, not what may or may not happen to me, but how I shall get assistance. Here's a helpless horse, and there's a helpless man. Can you go to South Wenlock for me, to the Red Lion, and tell them to send the necessary aid?"

"I'm willing, sir. What shall I tell them to send?"

"They will know, if you explain the nature of the accident. They must send a conveyance for my servant."

"And a doctor, sir?"

"No. Go as quick as you can."

The woman, strong and sturdy, strode off and the help arrived. Mr. Carlyon had then got his horse up; it appeared to have sprained its leg, but to have received no other damage. The man was still unconscious.

Greatest commotion the damaged procession caused, going through the town, greater commotion still at the house of Mr. Carlyon. The horse was led to his stable and attended to, and Evan was placed in bed and attended by Mr. Carlyon. The latter then ordered some refreshment for himself, and whilst it was preparing he rang the bell for Bob, the surgery boy.

"Any messages or letters?"

"There came a message yesterday from Captain Chesney, sir, and another from him this morning. He was, worse, and the black man said if you wasn't home to-day, his master threatened to call in Mr. Grey."

"He may call in the devil if he likes," responded Mr. Carlyon. "He's an irritable old fool, that's what he is."

Perhaps Mr. Carlyon might have been called an irritable young one, just then, for he cer-

tainly appeared uncommonly put out. "Anything more?" he sharply asked.

"No, sir," not as I remember."

Later, however, when Mr. Carlyon was seated at his supper, Bob intruded again.

"What do you want, pig?"

"Please, sir, it clean slipped my memory till this moment, when I saw it in the bill-holder in the surgery," was Bob's deprecating reply. "It's a note, sir, and it come the same evening as you went away."

"Who is it from?" asked Mr. Carlyon.

Bob could not say. A woman brought it with a big bonnet on, a bonnet as big as a house.

He laid the note by the side of his master's plate, and retired. Five minutes after, Mr. Carlyon was heard to go out.

He took his way through the town to Mrs. Gould's. That redoubtable lady herself opened the door. She dropped a curtsy to Mr. Carlyon.

"I have received a note, which was left at my house a day or two ago, desiring me to call here to see a patient," he began. "A Mrs.—Mrs.—"

Mr. Carlyon apparently was at fault for the name, and Mrs. Gould supplied it. "Mrs. Crane, sir. It's all happily over, and she's doing well."

Mr. Carlyon seemed thunderstruck. "Over? happily over?" he exclaimed, staring at the widow. "Why she—I understood—if I read her note aright—did not expect it for two months to come!"

"No more she didn't, sir, and it was all the omnibus's doings; it pretty near shook the life out of her, and the baby was born the next morning. Such a mite, sir," added the widow, confidentially. "I've seen many a wax doll bigger."

A conviction rushed over Mr. Carlyon, that the child he had seen at the station was the one in question. "Who attended?" he asked.

"Mr. Stephen Grey, sir. But he only attends for you, I heard him say. Will you go up, please, sir?"

Mr. Carlyon hesitated, remembering possibly the lateness of the hour. "Who is with her?" he inquired.

"Nobody at all just now, sir, for Mrs. Pepperly's having her supper with me in the kitchen. I'll fetch a light."

She returned with a light, and escorted Mr. Carlyon as far as the sitting-room. "That will do," he whispered, placing the candle where its rays should not fall on the sick room when he opened the door. "I will go in alone; she may be asleep."

"I daresay she is, Mr. Carlyon, sir. She said she felt inclined for it, and sent the candle down by Mrs. Pepperly."

She retreated as she spoke, leaving Mr. Carlyon alone. He softly opened the door, and entered the chamber, all unconscious that Judy was sitting at the extreme end of it, behind the bed curtain, drawn on that side. The movement, quiet as it was, caused Mrs. Crane to start from the dose into which she had fallen. Mr. Carlyon approached the bed and addressed her, but ere he had said many words, or she had scarcely responded, a sound, as of a stealthy, rustling movement on the other side the bed, caught his ear.

"What's that?" he called out.

"What's that?" exclaimed the invalid, whose ears had not been so quick as his own.

Mr. Carlyon went round the bed. "Is any one here?" he demanded.

There appeared to be no one, for his question elicited neither sound nor answer. Sufficient light came in from the sitting-room door to enable him to discern that there was a second door to the chamber in the corner, on the remote side of the bed. He pulled it open, it was pushed to, but not latched, and the moonlight streamed full into the landing, from the staircase window. But Mr. Carlyon could neither see nor hear any one, and he began to conclude he must have been mistaken.

"Indeed there is no one here," cried the sick lady. "The nurse went down to her supper."

The rustling was, however, caused by Judy. Finding Mr. Carlyon had entered, and not deeming it right to make a third in the interview between a doctor and a patient, she had silently escaped. Her slippers were noiseless—for Judy was furnished with the requisites for a sick room—and the stairs were carpeted, and she made her way down them.

"Where on earth did you spring from?" uttered Dame Gould, when she entered the kitchen. "I thought you were keeping house next door, while your sister had her Sunday evening out?"

"Margaret's come home, so I stepped in here to see if I could do anything for Mrs. Crane. But she had dropped asleep when I went up; and Mr. Carlyon's come in now."

"He has had a dreadful accident to-night," returned Mrs. Gould, "but I didn't like to mention it to him, for he's a proud man, they say, and won't brook no liberties. They were a talking about it at the public when I went in for our supper beer. His carriage were overturned and smashed to pieces, and his horse and servant killed. I was just a telling Mrs. Pepperly, when his ring came."

"How shocking!" uttered Judy. "When?"

"To-night, don't I tell you? Just now. Half way between here and Great Wenlock."

Of course tales, especially if they are bad ones, never lose by carrying, and that the reader knows. On the following morning, Evan was considerably better, and the horse's sprain was going on well; the damaged carriage was also going to be repaired; so that things were looking up again. Towards the middle of the day, Mr. Carlyon encountered Mr. Stephen Grey, the two meeting in High Street. They had never met professionally, but they knew each other sufficiently to nod in passing. As Mr. Stephen had said, there was plenty of room in South Wenlock for Mr. Carlyon as well as themselves; indeed, since the death of their brother Robert, and the increase of the size of the place, the practice was getting more than they could manage, they therefore felt not the slightest jealousy of Mr. Carlyon. But the Greys were honorable men, above petty spite and meannesses.

Mr. Stephen Grey spoke of Mrs. Crane; that he had been happy to attend her, but would now resign her into the hands of Mr. Carlyon.

"She is doing well!" observed Mr. Carlyon.

"Quite so; I was there not an hour ago—would you like to step down with me now?" I will explain matters, sir."

"Would you oblige me by not giving up charge till to-night or to-morrow morning?" interrupted Mr. Carlyon. "That with the confusion caused by the accident last night, my servant's illness, and the patients who have been waiting for me, and who are grown impatient at my absence, I am a busy to-day that I don't know which way to turn. Before I take Mrs.—Mrs.—, what's the name?"

"Crane."

"Mrs. Crane; I keep forgetting it. Before I take her out of your hands I should like you to explain minutely her symptoms and treatment; and I really have not time to go down with you now. When I got home last night and read the note she had written, I went to call, but it was late, she seemed drowsy, and I did not undertake charge. Either to-night or to-morrow morning, Mr. Grey, I shall have pleasure in meeting you there."

"Which ever may be convenient to you," returned Mr. Stephen. "It's quite the same to me."

"To-night then at seven—I possibly can get there. If not to-morrow morning at ten."

"Very well," was the answer. "How did you manage to meet with so unpleasant an accident?"

"I don't know, any more can you, who were not there. The horse appeared to shy, which was nothing extraordinary; horses will shy; but why he should have fallen, or over what, is unexplainable. It was on the only bit of smooth and level road there is, about midway between here and the station. Evan is doing well, and so is the horse."

"The report in the town was, that you were all done for, all killed together, you, the man, horse, phaeton, and all."

Mr. Carlyon laughed; it was impossible to resist the good humor of Stephen Grey.

"To-night, then, if I can; if not, to-morrow morning," he said, as he quitted Mr. Stephen, and walked hastily away.

At seven precisely that evening Stephen Grey was at Mrs. Crane's, waiting for Mr. Carlyon. The latter did not come. He chatted to Judy in the sitting-room, and spoke a little with Mrs. Crane in the bedroom; but she appeared rather flushed and feverish.

"There has been too much gossiping going on," Mr. Stephen observed to Judith.

"She will talk, sir. Feeling well, as she does, I suppose it's natural."

"But not expedient," he returned. "She must take a composing draught to-night."

He gave Mr. Carlyon more space than most busy medical men would have done, waiting for him a quarter of an hour. Then he took his departure. About eight, however, Mr. Carlyon called, seemingly in a hot haste. He had walked fast from the risk, he said, and was sorry to find Mr. Grey had gone. Judith, who had gone in home, had then been replaced by Mrs. Gould, Mrs. Pepperly being in the kitchen, eating, which occupation appeared to fill up a great portion of Mrs. Pepperly's life. Mr. Carlyon despatched Mrs. Gould to join her, whilst he spoke with the invalid.

He had not been with her very long, ten minutes it may have been, when a ring at the bell was heard, and Mrs. Pepperly afterwards came puffing up the stairs. As she entered the sitting-room, Mr. Carlyon emerged from the bedroom and confronted her.

"It's the draught, please sir," cried she.

"Draught," repeated Mr. Carlyon, taking a small bottle from her hand, "what draught? One that Mr. Grey has sent in?"

"Yes, sir, the sleeping draught," replied Mrs. Pepperly, who did not seem over steady about the legs.

Mr. Carlyon took out the cork, and smelt it.

"How strongly it smells of oil of almonds!" he immediately exclaimed.

"Do it, sir?"

"Do it! why smell for yourself," he returned putting the phial near her face.

"Yes, sir; but I've got a cold; and when I do have these colds upon me, my nose ain't worth a rush."

Mr. Carlyon kept smelling at the draught. Then he tasted it.

"Extraordinary!" he remarked; "why should Grey be giving her this? Here, take possession of it, Mrs. Pepperly; it is to be given the last thing."

He returned to the bedroom as he spoke, and Mrs. Pepperly placed the phial on the cheffonier, where other medicine bottles were arrayed. Then she put her head inside the bed-chamber.

"Please, ma'am, do you want me?"

"No," replied Mrs. Crane, from the bed, "you may go down."

A little while after, Mr. Carlyon took his departure. As he crossed the landing to descend the stairs, he saw what he thought was a face gathered against the wall, and staring at him; a strange face, looking stern, white, and cold in the moonlight. He was a strong, bold man, but the impression it made upon him was so great, that his nerves were startled.

"Who, and what are you?" he whispered.

There was no reply; there was neither movement nor sound; and Mr. Carlyon strode back to the sitting-room, and brought out the solitary candle, and threw its light around.

Not a soul was there, neither man nor woman, neither ghost nor spirit. And yet Mr. Carlyon felt certain that a face had been there. A face whose lineaments were strange to him, a man's face of which he had no knowledge; of fear, stole over him, and shook him as he stood; and yet, I say, he was by nature a fearless man, and perhaps this was the first time in his life that such terror had assailed him. He threw the light round the landing, he threw it down the stairs; but nothing was to be seen, and all was silent and still. He carried the candle back to the sitting-room, and put it whence he had taken it, on the mantelpiece, and then he descended the stairs, wiping his face, and willing to persuade himself that he had been mistaken.

"I think I must be a fool," he uttered; "what has come over me to-night? Is the house haunted?"

Soon, too soon, ere ten o'clock had struck, the house was haunted, haunted by a thing that had no business there, a dead body.

"She is doing well!" observed Mr. Carlyon.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1860.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

INCORPORATED COMPANIES.

Some of the shareholders of the Great Western Railway of Canada having been refused a list of the shareholders by the directors, have held a meeting condemning such action as unwarranted and unprecedented, and inviting shareholders to send their names to Mr. Chatfield, Old Jewry.

Those stockholders ought to be ashamed of themselves. Do they not know that it is very impertinent for a stockholder to suppose that he has any interest in or business with the "private affairs" of the company in which he holds stock? The matter is better understood in some other parts of the world. In such places it is admitted almost without question, that every incorporated company, either for railway, banking, or other purposes, belongs to the Directors and the principal officers—whose business it is to let the stockholders into as much knowledge of the Company's affairs as may be "good for them," in an annual report, suitably "cooked" for the occasion. There are certain great leading principles, as we take it, upon which every incorporated company should be conducted:—

1. The company should be managed, not mainly for the benefit of the stockholders, but for the benefit of some clique who have managed to obtain control of its direction.

2. This clique should never wholly monopolize the direction of the road, but should always contrive to link in with themselves enough good, easy, unsuspicious men, of fair business standing, to make them secure in their position.

3. They should always, in their annual reports, present the brightest side of affairs to the credulous masses of the stockholders. If they do not make a dividend, they should always promise to make a heavy one next time. It is astonishing to those who have had no experience, how much gulling stockholders will bear.

4. The President of the road should always manage to make a good thing of it for himself and friends—just sufficient money being wasted in dividends to keep the stockholders in a good humor. So long as you make good dividends, you may "appropriate" as much as you please for yourselves from the capital, without question.

5. Reports—such as that the usual dividend will be passed, &c.—should be thrown out by the management occasionally, in order to depress the stock, when the clique should buy; then other reports, semi-official, should be put in circulation to increase the price, when the clique should sell.

6. If any prying stockholder should come poking about the office or officers of the company, inquiring into its business, its prospects, &c.—asking to take a copy of the list of stockholders, to see the books, &c.—he should be bluffed off for his impertinence in a "very summary" (which means decidedly watery) manner.

By conducting a company upon the above principles—and you can easily do it, for the great majority of stockholders are always disposed to take side with the clique of managers against their own interests—you will probably be able to "make a good thing of it."

Of course, if you are a sensible man—as soon as you are once fairly out of the company you are now entrapped in as a simple stockholder—you will never go into another, except as one of the managing clique.

In the particular case before us, the Directors of the Great Western Railway have our sympathy. We should judge, by their refusal of a list of the stockholders, that they are fully versed in all the mysteries and prerogatives of their craft. The idea that a railroad belongs to the stockholders and not to the directors, cannot too soon be put down. The French king—a little while before he was beheaded—said, "The State? I AM THE STATE."

So the directors of any road or bank may say, "The Company? WE ARE THE COMPANY!" They however will never be beheaded—at

least, not so long as the great majority of stockholders have merely empty calabashes upon their shoulders, or until they find themselves with empty pockets. We have seen many strange things in this Quaker city—United States Bank explosions, Schuylkill Bank explosions, Pennsylvania Bank explosions, &c.—but we never saw a Company that had the wit to turn out a Board of Directors until it was too late. Always a chain investigation hides everything in a denser darkness than before. For an investigation made while an old Board is in power, can, as a general thing, amount to anything more than the merest sham. The earliest, the only sure way to discover whether things are all right in any company, is to change the direction—and this it takes a degree of moral courage to do, which the majority of men seem not to possess. Probably, however, it is better for stockholders to be squeamish about giving offense, and thus run the risk of losing their money, than to say or do anything that possibly might be construed into the shadow of an imputation by some highly esteemed friend or fellow-citizen. We are told in the good book, that we should exercise charity—notwithstanding that we are also told there, that it "covers a multitude of sins."

AN EXTRAORDINARY SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.—M. Velpeux, an eminent French surgeon, has announced to the French Academy of Science a very remarkable discovery, made by a physician named Brocqua, who has succeeded in producing insensibility, similar in its effects and as perfect as that produced by anæsthetic agents, by means of a novel and curious process. He had placed before the face of a person, between the person's eyes, and at a distance of about seven inches, a rather brilliant object (an objet un peu brillant). Make the person look fixedly at this object. In a few minutes the person will squint, and will soon fall into catalepsy and be spontaneously deprived of all sensibility. Three experiments out of five attempts are reported as successful. In one of these cases a man underwent a surgical operation for an abscess, which required an important incision. The insensibility lasted ten or twelve minutes after the operation. The patient was entirely unconscious of all that had taken place.

We remember when we were a boy, that we used to draw a straight chalk line (a "rather brilliant object") on the barn floor, and then take a chicken, and put its beak down to the line, the consequence being that the chicken would remain motionless for about a minute, perhaps longer. We never attempted a surgical operation upon the chicken while in that state of catalepsy, though we have little doubt that with a sharp hatchet we could have decapitated said chicken, and the chicken been none the wiser for it afterwards. We offer this fact as a "contribution to Science"—about the only one we have ever been able to make.

The annual sale of pews in the Rev. H. W. Beecher's Church took place on the 3d, and excited great competition. The assessed value of the pews was set down at \$12,050, being the same as last year. To this was added for premiums upon pews the sum of \$16,680, the assessed value of the chairs \$668, with premiums thereon \$21 25, thus resulting in the net sum of \$29,429 50, being about 40 per cent. increase upon the amount realized last year.

The wealthiest man, of course, where this custom of selling pews at auction prevails, gets the best seat. And why not? Does he not probably need it the most? The Scripture says something about rich men and camels and the eyes of needles, which would seem to imply that the very best place in the church should be given to the richest man. As for the poor, if they can afford to buy seats at all in Mr. Beecher's church, which is doubtful, let them take the outside benches. They get sermons everyday out of doors, sufficient, we may reasonably suppose, to make them tired of this world, and ready for another. As a poor poet, who could never have afforded a seat in a fashionable church, once said:—

Though losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There's a wit there you'll get there,
You'll find no other where!

It was once fatal to the success of almost any kind of a public show among our provincial neighbors in Philadelphia and Boston, to first gain a great popularity in New York. But the metropolitan character of this city, being now generally conceded, even by Boston, a New York indorsement rather helps than injures a public performer or a work of art. This has been very remarkably shown in the case of Church's Andes and Page's Venus, both of which were received with an ovation in Boston, and the Venus has been singularly honored in Philadelphia, where the goddess is now holding her levees before going to the sweet South.—New York Tribune.

Was the Venus ever exhibited in New York? We supposed, of course, that it was brought straight through from Boston to Philadelphia. By the way, was there not an election in New York the other day? We remember to have accidentally heard something of the kind—and that they elected a Philadelphian by the name of Wood as Mayor of that benighted "city."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

AN AMERICAN ARTIST—THE FLIGHT OF TIME—INTER-MERCANTIAL PLANNING—THE NEW CONVENT—A SOLDIER'S EPITAPH—M. DE LAMARTINE—FAMILY UNIONS—THE WEDDING-RING.

PARIS, Dec. 15, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Americans interested in the artistic reputation of their country will be glad to know that a picture by one of their countrymen, Mr. Schwartz, which is now being exhibited at M. Goupil's gallery, in the Rue Chaptal, is exciting much attention here, and winning much respect for the artistic promise of its young author. The artist has chosen as his theme a scene from the history of the settlement of the United States, in which the Pilgrim Fathers are represented as holding their first meeting for public worship in a rude temporary building, on Sunday, January 21, 1621. The congregation are gathered round their pastor, W. Brewster, who, with the Bible in his hand, occupies the centre of the picture, while the emigrants, of every age from infancy to gray-headedness, are grouped harmoniously at the sides. The light falls full on the intellectual face of the preacher, and then descends on a cradle in which a beautiful infant is sleeping. His mother and the rest of the family being seated near. Although the picture is of a devotional character, the picturesque costumes of the time has enabled the artist to impart considerable variety to the coloring, and to effect some very happily-contrived contrasts, as, for instance, in the crimson attire of the soldier-like figure to the right, with the graver attire of the elders near him. Some of the female faces are of great beauty; and the expression of the young mother regarding with such tenderness the little child on her lap is most charming. A youthful pair of lovers, near the cradle, are delightedly hit off; so is the lady wearing a ruff, and a boy, at the right hand corner, who has just been devouring a fine ear of Indian corn. The execution of this remarkable work is such as to augur excellent things for the young artist's future success.

A backward glance into the times that have preceded us, such as that afforded by the spirited and interesting production just mentioned, makes one feel how quickly the world rolls on, shaking off generation after generation into the land "from whose bourne no traveler returns." The lines now being addressed to you by your correspondent,—with a very perverse and crooked goosequill, that has plagued her sadly ever since she began this letter, and that no amount of "mending" seems to mend—will reach you but a few days before the decimal we have so long been using is changed for another that will measure one more lustre behind us, one less before us. "And so goes Time;" drawing the Sun and his family of planets onwards, astronomers tell us, towards some point in space in the direction of the constellation Hercules, and us, the audacious pigmies who inhabit one of his smaller satellites—whether?

But the train of thought called up by this silent, ceaseless lapse of time would lead me too far; and to come back to the present moment and its interests by a planetary stepping stone, I may mention that M. Leverrier—who some time ago announced that, in order to explain a difference of 38 seconds in the motion of Mercury's perihelion, it was absolutely necessary to suppose the existence of another planet between Mercury and the Sun—has just read, at the Academy of Sciences, a letter from Mr. Herrick, communicating various facts observed by him, and corroborated by other astronomers, tending to show that there is, in fact, a ring of very minute planets revolving close to the sun's disk, invisible to us, under ordinary circumstances, because immersed in the solar light.

While the Academy is thus speculating on the mechanism of the heavens, the Paris shopkeepers are equally absorbed in their preparations for the approaching New Year's fete. The jewellers are generally the first to display new trinkets, designed to draw forth the contents of reluctant pockets; and their windows already bristled with the proximity of the great Gift-day. The Opera-balls have just opened with a splendid Charity-ball, at which \$16,000 were cleared for the poor of the city. The coming Congress is looked to as a pretext for a great deal of gaiety, which we now begin to hope that the course of things will not make a mockery of in the eyes of Italy. A strong feeling is gaining ground here that English influence has prevailed, and that Italy will really be left free to follow her own wishes. Such a conviction seems to be entertained in Italy, where the people appear to be as ready to dance as they are here. From Florence we learn that a great State Ball was given, last week, at the Grand Ducal Palace of the Palazzo Imperiale, outside the city walls. This ball, otherwise much like other balls, had one curious feature about it, omnibuses being advertised to run from eight till ten o'clock, to convey the guests to the Palace, at the moderate rate of two pails, (ten-pence) per head, there and back. Accordingly, at the appointed hour, the streets of Florence, *in bella*, were promaded by little, dirty, one-horse omnibuses, plying for passengers to the ball: and, as soon as filled, away they rattled, in the merriest style, their full-dressed fares smoking as they went. Just imagine the royal guests of any other Court in Europe, driving up, without shame or confusion of face, to Buckingham Palace, the Tuilleries, or other abodes of sovereign grandeur and condescension, in a so-called "bus!"

The Roman question is undoubtedly the most knotty part of the difficulty; but it is thought impossible that the Great Powers can pretend to force the Romagnans back under the sway of the Cardinals, especially as the southern districts of the Papal States are actually endeavoring to get Naples to accept them, as the least injurious Government of the two! That Austria is in an ill-humor is not doubted; but it is rumored that the sale of Venetia to Piedmont is by no means impossible.

The incredible extent to which Venetia has been depopulated of silver by Austria, may be gathered from an incident that took place a few evenings since in its capital, where the son of the celebrated Remo gave an exhibition of his conjuring skill at one of the theatres. In one of his tricks, he wanted four silver coins, and applied to his numerous spectators for them, according to the want of performers in his line. A general turn-out of purses took place, but only three silver coins could be raised, which were handed over amidst a bitter burst of laughter, which amounted to an eloquent accusation of the policy which has thus drained away the wealth of the ancient Queen of the Adriatic.

This allusion to the shining metal which the Japanese so much prefer to gold, and which is becoming inconveniently scarce all over Europe, reminds me that Dumas, the chemist, a few days since, produced before the Academy of Sciences, a helmet made of silver's new rival, aluminum, for the King of Denmark. The workmanship, by Delachaux and Mourry, was exceedingly fine; but the interest of the object, in a scientific point of view, resulted from the fact that the metal had received a polish equal to that of silver, that it had been successfully gilt by the galvanic process, and that the operation of soldering had succeeded beyond expectation. The helmet weighed only 700 grains; it would have weighed 1,700, if in brass, and its resistance is superior to that metal, though inferior to that of steel.

The old cotter-walls of this brilliant capital, so given to peddling on the very smallest scale, and keeping an army of officials in uniform at each of its gates to keep into every poor old woman's basket, and make her pay a centime on each egg, and a sou on each pound of cabbage she may be bringing in from some friend in the country, are now being pulled down; the new cotter-offices, just built at the entrance of the fortifications which, on and after the first day of the New Year, will constitute the boundaries of Paris, being ready for occupation. The border-lands, so fruitful of low dissipation, and abounding in the scenes so long characteristic of the *barrieres* and the *butines*, will then change occupation; handsome houses will spring up in these remote regions, ignored of the fashionable world; and the motley frequenters of their renowned cook-shops, wine-shops, Sunday evening balls, and penny shows, will follow the exodus of their favorite amusements to the neighborhood of those abode walls which pass so eloquent a condemnation on the policy of Louis Philippe and his ministers; for the population of Paris, whether in silks or in rags, must amuse itself; and the washerwoman, the soldier, the *ouvrier*, and even the rag-picker, are as much bent on dancing and diversion in some damp and smoky underground ball-room, as are their brethren and sisters whose presence lends *clat* to the brilliant saloons of the aristocratic Faubourgs of St. Honore and St. Germain.

Yet keenly as all classes of the French enjoy their peculiar dissipation, and resolute as they are in making the most of the present day, the coolness and indifference with which they turn to suicide as the natural relief from annoyance or disappointment, is equally striking. The papers abound in paragraphs recording the self-sought deaths of individuals who find life too troublesome, and accordingly quit it on the most frivolous pretences. Prompt as the French are to kill themselves for trifles, they are naturally all the more ready to do so when they find themselves in serious trouble. A few days since, a couple of old people who had been employed as conderges, having lost their place, instead of looking out for another, went off quietly, arm in arm, to a deep ditch, just outside the town of Angers, where they resided, and plunged in. A physician, who happened to be passing by, hastened to the spot, and called to a peasant who was near, to help him pull the poor old creatures out by the aid of the pole he held in his hand; but the latter, with the selfish indifference of the French peasant, refused even to lend the benevolent physician his pole, though he saw the old people struggling in the water! Consequently, when the doctor, having succeeded in getting aid from some one else, was able to fish the bodies out, both were quite dead.

The spirits of the French generally collapse as completely and hopelessly under difficulty as they expand rapidly and extensively with any ray of good fortune. The *beau ideal* of the mass of the people is the attainment of that universal panacea, a Government situation, and to secure a fixed income, no matter how! To this end, wherever the Emperor goes, petitions rain upon his devoted head, as a matter of course. One of the oldest of the old documents thus addressed to him, is the following, which was presented to his Majesty during his late residence at Biarritz, and which I translate textually.

"Sir, I have received, under your dear uncle, two wounds, which are the ornament of my life, one in my left thigh, and the other at Wagran. If these two anecdotes, of which I enclose ample certificates, should appear susceptible of a permission to keep a tobacco shop, either at Sevres or elsewhere, I thank you beforehand for your amiability. Please post-pay your answer."

The sale of tobacco being a close monopoly here, in the hands of the Government, the appointment to the keeping of these shops is usually given to wounded soldiers, and others having similar claims on the attention of the Powers that be; and any little post of the kind being the object of the ambition of almost all Frenchmen of the lower classes, a very keen competition is always going on here in reference to them. It is probable that the old fellow who crawled the eloquent epistle just cited, is already rejoicing in a "post-paid" reply, granting him the privilege so much desired.

So much has been said, of late years, respecting M. de Lamartine and his pecuniary difficulties, that the public, both here and elsewhere, have grown weary of the subject. The national subscription organized for the purpose of paying off the poet's debts, and enabling him to retain possession of his patrimonial estates which had been advertised for sale, but which, if thrown into the market to meet a contingency, would have been sacrificed at less than a tithe of their value, has proved almost an entire failure, only a small sum having been raised, and that principally in England. Much surprise has often been expressed at the fact of the poet's indebtedness, and the largeness of the amount, originally between four and five millions of francs. The facts of the case appear to be these: the paternal estates of the poet were encumbered to the full amount for which they are now liable, before they came into his hands; and he, being of a very liberal temperament, fond of luxury, taste of Art, and exceedingly, nay, imprudently generous to all who came in his way, the large sum he has gained by his writings has been spent as soon as earned, so that the original liabilities with which his property was encumbered in former generations were left unredressed. In addition to the lavish outlay of the poet, many years of scanty vintage and bad harvests added to his embarrassments, by notably diminishing the yield of his estates. These financial affairs were, for many years, getting into a more and more unattractive position; and at length the poet saw no other way of freeing himself from the importunities of his creditors than by selling his estates. When this determination on his part became known, a number of influential gentlemen of his own Department requested him to allow them to constitute a committee to superintend the proposed sale, and to endeavor to make the best arrangements they could to prevent the property from being sacrificed too much below its value. These gentlemen belong to various political parties, many of them disapproving of the poet's political opinions and action, while heartily respecting the probity which carried him with unswerving honor through the period of his Dictatorship, when he might have chosen, have enriched himself with perfect impunity at the public expense.

After the retirement of De Lamartine from public affairs, it was proposed to raise a national subscription to pay off his debts; but nothing was done in the matter, though, strangely enough, many persons believe to this day, that the proposition was carried into effect. Lamartine has, in fact, received no pecuniary reward whatever for his services to the republic. But the idea of raising a subscription to clear off the encumbrances under which he labored was now revived, and a subscription was set on foot by his friends, the Emperor heading the list. But very little could be collected; the fickle people of France having ceased to take any interest in the poet who had ceased to sing, the statesman from whose leadership the country had so widely drifted. Since then, M. de Lamartine has been engaged incessantly in publishing a literary work, including under the title of *Cours familier de Littérature*, papers on all conspicuous people, and notable books, from the beginning of the world downwards. The work evinces great research, and is written in the brilliant and graceful language peculiar to himself. It has had a tolerable success, and by its means M. de Lamartine has managed to maintain himself and his wife, simply enough, but independently, and at the same time to pay off a large portion of the remaining debt. He passes the winter quietly in Paris, seeing only a few intimate friends; his summer he spends on his estates; all the year round he labors with the pen with a desperate perseverance painful to think of; for he is no longer young, and sorrow and disappointment have deepened the furrows of years upon his strength and health. The poet has now just returned from his sojourn in his own place, and has taken up his quarters here for the winter. No purchaser having come forward for his estates, and the national subscription, got up for him by his friends, having produced only 100,000 francs, to pay more than 2,500,000 francs of debts, he has been obliged to ask for more time. Before quitting Montecau, he called his creditors (more than 400) together at the Chateau, and proposed to give up to them his estates, whose value exceeds the amount of his liabilities. He stated that, notwithstanding the insufficiency of the national subscription, he had paid to his creditors, in eighteen months, out of the produce of his literary labors, a sum of 1,200,000 francs, and engaged to pay, in January and February next, a further sum of 300,000 francs; so that his debts would be reduced to 1,000,000 francs! He therefore solicited the indulgence of dividing his payments into three or four instalments, hoping, he said, by labor and economy, to pay every one in full. However inconvenient it might be for several among the creditors to have their debts settled in these small payments, not one of them opposed the proposition, and it is therefore to be hoped that the poet and statesman whose hands are so pure of lucre, who rendered such incontestable services to his country during the early part of the revolution of 1848, and who has woven the French language, so essentially prosaic, into something more nearly resembling poetry than any other French writer, may at length be able to relieve himself of the heavy burden of debt which has so long been weighing him down, and also preserve the ancestral home for which he cherishes so profound an affection, and where he is beloved and trusted in with something of the devoted attachment of which we hear so much in regard to the tenantry of the "good old times" towards their landlords, and see so very little of at the present day.

Another literary man just now before the public—of very different character, however, and who understands the art of growing rich as thoroughly as Lamartine ignores it—is Alexander Dumas, Jr., the son of the famous romancer, and himself one of the most successful of the rising race of quill-drivers. This young man, born somewhere not within the limits of "the holy estate," has been legitimated by his father, according to the process of French law. The author of "Monte-Cristo" has a wife, but has had no children by her; and has followed the course so usual here, of separating from his legal partner shortly after his marriage, and living for the last twenty years with another lady, whom he would doubtless have quitted in like manner had he been able to marry her. The young Dumas is not even the son of this supplementary wife; but she has always been as kind to him as though he were her own child; and into such a curious confusion has the family-circle fallen in this country, that such a domestic *embroglio* is not regarded as at all extraordinary. The son has just brought out a new play, called "The

Prodigal Father." The piece is less brilliant than some of his former ones, but is intended by its author to be very moral; and is consequently, though its morality is of the most dubious quality, much applauded by the very moral and virtuous theatre-going people of Paris. Apropos of this play, Cham, one of the editors of "Charivari," wrote thus, a day or two since, to the author:

"Monday.
"Dear Dumas, if you would really show yourself a 'Prodigal Father,' to me, I beg of you to send me three tickets for this evening's representation of your piece. Count on my ingratitude. Yours, CHAM."

To which missive the witty young author replied as follows:

"Monday.
"Dear Cham,—In the character you wish me to assume towards you, I will attend to your request to-morrow. Count on my negligence. Yours, ALEXANDRE DUMAS, JR."

The Emperor and Empress, who have honored the new play with their presence, are daily installed, with the "Hope of France," in the Tuilleries, where the suite of rooms occupied by the fair Eugenie have been decorated with the utmost taste and magnificence, in the style of the apartments formerly occupied at Versailles by the unhappy Marie Antoinette. Their stay at Compiègne has been prolonged unusually long this season; and Gaspard has been busy, as usual, with their *faits et gestes*. The latest story about is one concerning the wife of Lord Cowley, the English Minister here, who is a friend and favorite of the Emperor, which circumstance, by the way, may not improbably have had something to do with Lord Palmerston's resolve to send him to the Congress instead of going himself. It seems that when Lord and Lady Cowley were at Compiègne, a week or two ago, the Emperor perceived, one evening, that Lady Cowley had no wedding ring on. His Majesty asked her how it happened that she did not wear the sign of wifehood so generally worn in England? To which Lady Cowley replied that her marriage had taken place under peculiar circumstances, and in so great a hurry that her husband had not time to procure a ring in time for the ceremony, and that, consequently, she had never possessed a wedding ring. The Emperor, on hearing this, sent at once to Paris for a ring similar to those used at English weddings, and here called "an *offrande*," with the addition of three rows of diamonds, superposed. As soon as the ring reached Compiègne, the Emperor presented this magnificent present to Lady Cowley, at the same time addressing her in these words, "I beg you to accept this ring as a new pledge of the alliance between France and England." A handsome gift very handsomely made; and in both respects sufficiently characteristic of the Emperor, who is not only fond of making presents, but is admitted on all hands to possess a peculiar faculty for making them gracefully.

The length to which my letter has already run compels me to reserve for my next the story of a reigning belle in a dilemma, which I had intended sending you to-day. I must, however, just add that I have received an invitation from some people up to their eyes in "spirit-douings" to be present to-morrow evening at a "Demonstration of Magic," to be given at their house, by a member of one of the noblest Russian families, who is regarded, by the adepts of the occult sciences, as the most skillful living magician. I need hardly say that I have accepted the invitation, with the full intention of giving the benefit of the promised wonders to the readers of THE POST!

QUANTUM.

NEWS ITEMS.

An American boat at the battle of the Pellico, visited one of our vessels, and on wishing to leave her, the officer found all his men had got out of the boat. After some delay they were found looking very hot, smoke-begrimed and fightish. "Hailos, sirs," said the officers with assumed severity, "don't you know we are neutral?" "Be good," said the sailors, "but fellows, looking very bashful, they were very short-handed at the low gun, sir, and so we give'd them a help for fellowship sake;" they had been hard at it for an hour. Gallant Americans! you and your Admiral did more that day to bind England and the United States together than all your lawyers and pettifogging politicians have ever done to part us.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

The Union (Eng.), the chief organ of the Tractarians, has the following curious paragraph: "It is stated on good authority that Mr. C. H. Spurgeon made about three weeks ago a formal renunciation of the extreme Calvinistic tenets which he had been hitherto preaching. He said that he, and others who had taught as he had done, had been doubtless grievously stumbling blocks in the way of many pious and earnest persons, and that the only amendment which lay in his power was to state publicly that he had been in error, and to endeavor that he would never propagate similar false doctrine again."

Rev. T. Starr King, has decided to accept a call from San Francisco. His health is impaired, and he thinks his constitution would be invigorated by the climate of California. The news of the conclusion of the treaty with the United States, by the Constitutionalists, caused the most intense excitement in Mexico. The papers came out with the most inflammatory appeals, and declared war with the United States inevitable if the treaty is ratified. The clergy are perfectly furious. Stupendous efforts are already on foot to prevent the consummation of the treaty. They were to be carried out by the French Minister, Gubise and Jucker. (7)

A person, named Roger Larges, has recently died at Paris, at the age of 100 precisely, day for day, and even hour for hour. It was at one o'clock in the afternoon of the 10th of December, 1759, that he was born, and at one o'clock in the afternoon of the 10th of December, 1859, that he died.

California.—The special election for a member of the State Senate had been filed by the choice of a Leconte Democrat, who was the candidate of the property holders. The first locomotive ever constructed in California has just been finished in San Francisco. The struggle for Broderick's place in the U. S. Senate bids fair to be a very protracted one.

KENTUCKY ABOLITIONISTS DRIVE OUT OF THAT STATE.—A number of persons, (23 in all,) entertaining Abolitionist sentiments, have been warned to leave Kentucky, and have done so. They consist of Rev. J. A. Rogers, principal of a flourishing school at Berea, and his family; I. D. Reed and family; John G. Hanson and family; the Rev. J. F. Boughton; K. T. Hayes and S. Life, carpenters; A. G. W. Parker, a native of South Carolina; ———— Torry, a native of Tennessee; John Smith, a native of Ohio, a farmer, who has lived in Kentucky some years.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Arabia, which arrived at New York on the 9th, brings Liverpool advices to Saturday, the 24th.

A pamphlet entitled "The Pope and the Congress," signed by M. de Laguerre, had been published, and attracted great attention both in France and England, as it was believed to express the sentiments of the Emperor Napoleon. The pamphlet is written in a spirit of conciliation and compromise, and although it does not propose to take away the temporal power of the Pope, it advocates a curtailment of them, and argues that the Romagnans should not be returned to the Papal domination.

The London Times concludes a leader on the subject, by saying:—"On the whole, we have read this pamphlet with considerable satisfaction. It is very probable that the Emperor of the French has been for some time hesitating between Austria and England, between a liberal and a reactionary policy; but we read in these sentences the promise of a government standing between the two extremes in the coming deliberations. We have arrived, though by very different courses, at the same practical conclusion."

The nomination of the Marquis of Anvers as the second French Plenipotentiary to the Congress, has given great satisfaction to the friends of Italy.

The Spaniards have again repulsed the Moors in Morocco, inflicting heavy losses. In reply to the recently presented memorial from English merchants trading with Mexico, for protection of their interests, Lord John Russell says that her Majesty's government are endeavoring to come to an understanding with the other powers respecting the advice to be offered, and assures the memorialists no opportunity will be lost of interfering, by counsel, with a view to bring about a termination of the present devastating and sanguinary war. His Lordship alludes to the difficulty of ascertaining which is the *de facto* government, at Great Britain and France acknowledge the President who has possession of Mexico, and the United States another President at Vera Cruz.

The London Herald, the organ of the Conservative party, has announced that it is a complete and comprehensive reform bill to appear in the Constitutional Press and Magazine, and that in the event of the postponement of the promised Ministerial Reform bill, or its proving unacceptable to the Constitutional party, the bill to be published will be immediately brought before the House of Commons.

The steamer *Great Britain* was spoken December 14—all well, which strengthens the conviction that the report of her having foundered at sea is a base hoax.

The wife of J. H. Gurney, a member of Parliament, has eloped with one of her family domestics. She is a lady possessed of half a million sterling in her own right.

Austria.—Military preparations continued to be made against the apprehended trouble in Hungary. A rumor prevailed in Paris, the day before the Arabia sailed, that a revolution had actually broken out in Hungary, but it lacked confirmation. One of the Vienna journals had received a second warning from government.

MARKETS, Dec. 23.—All qualities of Cotton have slightly declined, caused by the American advices, and numerous arrivals of cotton ships. Quotations are 46 3/4-47 1/4 for medium and fine, the market closing quiet, at the following authorized quotations:

	Fair.	Middling.
New Orleans,	47 1/4	48 1/4
Mobile,	47 1/4	48 1/4
Uplands,	47 1/4	48 1/4

The stock of cotton in port is 439,000 bales, including 295,000 bales American.

The Manchester advices are unfavorable, and all descriptions of goods have declined, the market closing dull.

Liverpool, Dec. 23.—Wheat—A Flour at 22s. 6d. 3/4. Wheat—red 24s. 6d. 1/4. White 24s. 6d. 3/4. Corn dull, prices easier, but quotations unchanged, yellow 31s. 6d. 3/4.

Provisions.—Pork heavy, all descriptions have declined, but there is more demand. Pork dull, Bacon quiet, new long middle 49s. 6d. Lard dull, at 55s. 6d.

Produce.—Sugar firm, Coffee steady; Rice dull, but prices firm. Bean firm, at an advance of 1/4d. 3/4. of common at 4s. 2 1/4d. 3/4 for medium and fine, the quotations are nominal. Turpetine dull at 34s.

London, Dec. 23.—Messrs. Baring Brothers quote Breadstuffs quiet, but prices steady. Sugar steady and firm; Coffee firm, and all qualities slightly dearer.

LONDON MONEY MARKET, Dec. 23.—American Securities are slow of sale, but prices are unaltered. The bullion in the Bank of England had increased £2000. The money market is unchanged in rates, though there is an active demand.

The meeting of the European Congress had been fixed to take place on the 19th of January.

The representatives of nearly all the Powers at the Congress have been announced, including Count Cavour, for Sarlinia.

The London Times, in an article on the execution of John Brown, ridicules the sympathy evinced by the Northern States when too late, and predicts that the matter will tend to strengthen the South.

The health of Prince Jerome Napoleon was improving.

The reported reduction in the French tariff will apply principally to cotton.

Numerous political arrests are reported at Naples.

The reported intended abdication of the Emperor of Austria proves to be unfounded. Austria is making reductions in her army.

Important submissions have been made to Russia in China.

The Federal Council of Switzerland intends to ask Congress that the neutrality of Geneva may be guaranteed by the Italian Confederation, as it is already by Piedmont, in virtue of the treaty of 1815.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The weather has been very severe, in some places the thermometer falling within three or four degrees of zero.

Canal navigation had been suspended by the ice, and railroad travel impeded by the snow. A thaw has however set in.

The Cunard Company has purchased the screw steamer *Australia*.

Lord Holland died at Naples on the 15th ult.

FRANCE.—The river Seine, at Paris, is full of ice.

Railway traffic is impeded by the snow. It has been officially announced that on the 1st of January the Emperor would receive the corps diplomatic and the legislative bodies.

The tendency to improvement in the commercial affairs of France continued.

The session of the Legislative Assembly of France, it is expected will commence on the 10th of January.

Count Persigny is dead.

The Rockville (Connecticut) Republican says the American Mills of that village are running night and day, to supply orders from Virginia for a certain kind of cloth for military uniforms.

A GOOD WITNESS FEATHERS.—A goose that sees another goose drink will do the same, though he is not thirsty. The custom of drinking for company, when drinking is dispensable and prejudicial, seems to be a case of the same kind, and to put a man, feathers only excepted, upon a footing with a goose.—*Bishop Hume*.

A proud man and an humble one will both admit that "humility is a virtue." Nothing is more common than a similarity of sentiment in opposite characters. I dare say a fox and a goose, if they could speak, would both concur in saying that poultry ought to be well fed.—*Burke*.

are. "Chalk Stream Studies" incites one to go fishing, and is in the interest of Isaac Walton. In another article Pope's genius is finely estimated, Alexander Smith praised, and all the young British poets declared to be in a bad way, except William Allingham, who is certainly a real English, or rather Irish, nightingale. An article on "Shelley and Byron" shows up Kingsley's limitations about as fairly as anything that could be selected from his writings. The half-liberal man—the thinker under bonds to keep the peace—his problem seems always to be how to reconcile the independent convictions of the soul with the opinions and prejudices of his class and age. He thinks freely, indeed, up to a certain point—beyond that he is all a petrification of assumption, pre-notion, and dogmatism. Thus he is like the prince of the Arabian story, who is human to the waist, but below, black marble. The man who could view Shelley as he does here, has simply looked at him with eyes bandaged with granite. When he talks of Shelley's "lawfulness" for example—representing him as being the advocate of "lawless love"—the host of passages from Shelley's writings that start up in the mind to confute this assertion, prove Kingsley to have no insight of the poet's character, or fair understanding of his works. Whatever Shelley was—and he had faults—this he was not. Whatever his errors—and he committed many—this was not one of them. We may differ as broadly as possible with him, but to question the purity of his nature, or his allegiance to natural law, is, in view of the evidence, slightly absurd. But how could Kingsley, cultured and constituted as he is, ever do justice to a soul like Shelley? We should just as soon expect the narrow and shallow Macaulay to fathom the boundless mind of Bacon, or comprehend the dark and subtle nobility of Machiavelli.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

RE-STATEMENTS OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE, IN TWENTY-FIVE SERMONS. BY HENRY W. BELL-LOWE. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE LECTURES OF LOTA MONTES. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

ERNEST DEACONIDGE; or, Schoolboy Days. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. December. Leonard Scott & Co., New York.

TAN HORTICULTURIST. January. Saxton, Barker & Co., New York.

ARTHUR'S LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE. January. T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia.

ERNEST BENNETT'S DOLLAR MONTHLY. BENNETT & HAMILIN, 144 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

POLITICAL NEWS.

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.—In the House, Mr. Lawrence, of Dauphin, (Opposition,) was elected Speaker. Mr. Francis, of Venango, (Opposition,) was elected Speaker of the Senate, and Mr. Errett, (Opposition,) Clerk. The Opposition majorities are large in both Houses.

CONGRESS.—The House still has no Speaker. The following was the result of the

TWENTY-EIGHT BALLOTS.

Whole number of votes.	211
Necessary to a choice.	106
Mr. Sherman, (Rep.)	103
Mr. Hamilton, (Dem.)	89
Mr. Gilmer, (South Amer.)	16
Scattering.	3

The South Americans who voted for Gilmer were Messrs. Adams, of Kentucky, Anderson, of Kentucky, Bracon, Briggs, Bristol, Davis, of Maryland, Etheridge, Harris, of Maryland, Hatton, Mallory, Nelson, Quarles, Stokes, Webster, Gilmer, and Hill—16.

Mr. Reynolds was voted for by Messrs. Adrian and Horace F. Clarke.

The above vote was taken on Saturday. The House then adjourned till Monday.

THE PRESIDENT.—The Democratic State Conventions in Ohio and Illinois passed resolutions in favor of Mr. Douglas for the Presidency.

HOLE-IN-THE-DAY.—The celebrated Indian brave, we are informed by Major Cullen, has built him a "gay old house" on his reserved six hundred and forty acres, at Crow Wing, on the Mississippi. The house has cost him some six thousand dollars in gold, and is nearly surrounded by a piazza. The old chief is living with six wives, in all the splendor of a Mormon bishop. His parlor is furnished with seventeen rocking-chairs, while the walls are hung with eight large portraits, seven of which represent himself, and the eighth Major Cullen. Three of his wives are old, like himself, and the other three young and beautiful. They live like "white folks," all sit at the same table, and have the best china and coffee sets for every day use. The old man has over one hundred acres of his reserve under cultivation, which brings forth bountifully. His wives work a large garden, well stocked with flowers.—*La Crosse (Minn.) Union*.

CONFIDENTIAL AFFECTION.—A married woman in our city had the misfortune to lose her husband a few days since, and while thinking over her desolate condition, and the prospect of a dreary, lonely winter, estimating how much of her funds would be absorbed in the funeral expenses of the dear deceased, she was interrupted by the call of a young son of Reuelapio, who, after some little chaffering, proposed to give the lady a good round sum for the useless body of the dead husband. The widow thought upon the proposal and finally accepted the offer. A day or two afterwards, being waited upon by some of her friends, who came to sympathize with her in her affliction, the widow said it was not so bad as it might have been, as she had sold her husband's body and filled her cellar with wood and coal bought with the proceeds.—*Baltimore Republican*.

COLONIZATION TO ST. DOMINGO.—A free passage is offered to fifty colored emigrants to St. Domingo, by the authorities of that island. Each emigrant must know a trade, and must produce two written certificates from his or her former employer, that they are sober and industrious, and possess at least twenty dollars, so as not to be destitute on their arrival. All such persons can receive a free passage by addressing box No. 58, New York post office.

AFFAIRS IN MODENA.—A Turin letter, of the 11th, in the Paris Debats, says: "Facts are now passing in the Duchy of Modena which are not without significance.

IN MEMORIAM.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Under a sod and shrouded hearse,
Our sorrow dwells where the willow weeps,
Because the earth is filled with little graves
That make the weeds of life uneven.

Where gentle hands had led her forth
From weeping wood and dreary sky,
And let the bitter wisdom of the earth
Plead with her misery.

How that to-morrow may have birth,
To-day must fade and die.

Hard is the task to learn;
Too painful the weal;
The risk reward of grief;
The silver beauty autumn wears
Upon the falling of the leaf.

It cometh late, and followeth pain.
As only in the sky appears
On the last lingering fall of rain
The rainbow, fixed in tears.

The summer glory of the withering flower
Makes sad the autumn when it dies;
And buried in the present hour,
The outcome of the future lies.

It is the memory of our bliss
That gives to grief its accepted power;
This is the curse of time, and this
Even in love's divinest hour
Betrays us with a kiss.

This truth bath time revealed once more;
A heavier burden memory bears
From sunlight of the days of yore,
To darkness of the coming years.

And sorrow hath another grave,
Where she may sit alone and weep,
Hearing the murmuring cypress wave
Over a quiet sleep.

Musing upon a buried face
Whom beauty mocks decay,
And haunted by the memory of grace,
That cannot pass away.

Alas! with a trembling hand we trace
The marble name beloved so true,
And gently to ourselves repeat
Its syllables so sad and sweet,
Now they are written here.

The flowers shall blossom on her grave,
These shall the midnight melt in dew,
The flowers shall wither on her grave,
Shall bloom, and fade, and bloom anew.

The moon shall sparkle in the blue,
And from the midnight wane,
Shall flood with light the circling blue,
And wane and come again.

The flowers shall blossom on her grave,
The moon make beautiful the blue,
Shall wither from the earth, and wane,
But she shall never come again.

With flowers that blossom on the grave,
With beauty born anew.

Brief was her life of joy, too brief, and brief
Her journey through the land of grief—
Not far her wandering steps had gone
From fairy childhood's flowery lawn,
Into the woods and wolds afraid,
Before the plying angels drew
A shadowy path, and undismayed,
She trod it as a path she knew.

Leading her sweetly to the midnight gate,
That, opened for her straight,
Revealed a radiance strangely bright,
In which one moment, glorified,
She stood, then shut upon the night
From which her beauty died.

SPEECH WITHOUT WORDS.

"I don't see, Aunt Georgy," observed a small boy of five and a half, who was sticking at his figures during an arithmetical examination—"I don't see the good of the multiplication table. It seems to me to be going through so much to get at so little."

"You'd better play at 'Tut, tat, tee,' I dare say, Dickey," remarked his beloved aunt, smiling sympathetically.

"Ay, there's something in that," replied the youth, unconscious of her sarcasm, "one sees what one is driving at these, all along."

"Nevertheless, everything has its use," persisted the old lady, who was a very Minerva for aphorisms, and like that heathen deity, kept a bird, which, however, was not an owl, but a parrot.

"No one can tell what immense advantages may flow from the acquisition—"

"From the what?" interrupted the rude lad, who was of an inquiring rather than a reverent disposition.

"From learning the least things, my dear."

"Ah," observed the boy, "I dare say there's the alphabet now, for instance, ain't there? Who ever first hit on that, I wonder, to teach a fellow to read?"

"Ay, and there's the deaf and dumb alphabet, too, Dickey, which teaches people to talk without words."

"And were you ever deaf and dumb, Aunt Georgy?" Oh, my, what a funny go!

"If you won't use those very strange words, child—and where you picked them up is, I am sure, quite a marvel to me—I'll tell you a story of how Aunt Georgy herself once saved her life, entirely through having learned the deaf and dumb alphabet: shall I?"

"Instead of the lesson, Aunt Georgy? Oh, yes, I should like it better than pie."

"There were two little boys, Dickey, and one of them not very much older than you, who used to come and stay with your Uncle Frank—"

"You never saw him, dear child, did you? Ah, he would have liked those bonny blue eyes!—to stay with your Uncle Frank and me, when we were first married; and they could neither hear nor speak, Dickey."

"Couldn't they eat neither, Aunt Georgy, nor drink, nor nothing?"

"Oh, yes; they were only deaf and dumb; but that is a very dreadful misfortune indeed, my child, of itself. They could not talk except with their fingers—so only ever so much quicker."

"That ain't talking; that's cat's cradle, Aunt Georgy!"

"No, it isn't! It's speech, though there are no words." "I then said—"Dickey, don't interrupt your aunt with foolish observations."

"I didn't hear you, then," replied Dickey.

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"Yes; and at draughts, and backgammon, and chess, and at fox and geese, as well as any boys. They could almost see what we said, though they could not hear, with such quick eyes they did they watch every movement of our lips. We soon, however, got to talk as easily with our fingers as our tongues; and sometimes, when the lads were not with us, Uncle Frank and I used to converse in that manner when we were alone, for practice."

"It happened upon one occasion that we had to go to London on important business; he was to have gone by an afternoon train, but something delayed him, so that he was not able to leave before the night-express. I was not in very good health, and retired to my bedroom about two hours before his departure; he promised, however, to come up and wish me good-bye before he started, which would be between twelve and one o'clock in the morning. The matter which called him away was connected with the bank here, which had just been burned down; and my husband, it seems, though I did not know it at the time—so great a secret had he endeavored to keep it—had many thousand pounds belonging to the concern in his temporary possession, locked up in the iron safe in our bedroom, where the plate was kept. He was bank-manager, and responsible for the whole of it. It was winter-time, and there was a fire in the room, so bright and comfortable that I was in no hurry to leave it and get into bed, but sat up, looking into the fiery coals, as I have seen you do, Dickey, and thinking about all sorts of things; not so much about your favorite palaces, and fairy gardens, and the castles which Jack the Giant-killer took, that are to be seen there, doubtless, as you say, but upon the long journey your Uncle Frank had to take that night, and of how dreary the days would seem until he returned, and in particular how lonely I should feel in that great room all by myself, when he would be away; for I was a dreadful coward, Dickey, and not like you, who go to sleep in the dark like a brave boy, and never want a nurse-maid to sit in your room. It was a little after eleven o'clock when I got into bed, but I did not feel the least inclined for sleep even then; I knew Uncle Frank would be coming to wish me good-bye presently, and besides, there seemed to be all sorts of noises about the room, which my foolish ears always used to hear whenever I was alone at night-time."

"If a little soot fell down the chimney, it was, I thought, a great black crow at least, which would soon be flying about the room, and settling on my pillow, if a mouse squeaked in the wainscot, it was the creaking of some dreadful person's shoes, coming up stairs to kill your silly old aunt with a carving-knife; and if the wind blew at the casement, it was somebody else trying to get in at the window, although it was two stories high. You may imagine, then, my horror when I heard a tremendous sneeze within a quarter of an inch of me, just behind the head-board of the bed, and between that and the wall, where there was a considerable space. I had, as usual, taken the precaution, before I put the candle out, of looking everywhere in the room where it was quite impossible any person could be hid; but in the little alcove into which the bed was pushed, I had never so much as thought of looking, although that was a capital hiding place for anybody. Ever since I had slept in that room, in short, I had been like the ostrich of whom we read yesterday, Dickey, who puts his head in the sand, and then imagines himself in perfect security. I had plumed myself upon precautionary measures that, after all, might just as well have been omitted. The only thing, as I believe, which saved my reason from departing altogether, when I first heard that terrible sound, was that my mind clung to the hope that it might be, after all, only the sneeze of a cat. Fifty cats together could not have made half such a disturbance, it is true, for it was the sneeze of a man who sneezes in spite of himself, and almost shook the house; but the idea sustained me over the first shock. The next instant, the wretch had sneezed again, and pushing aside the bed, which rolled on casters, I felt standing beside my pillow looking at me. If he had only given one sneeze, he might perhaps have believed me, as I lay quite still, breathing as regularly as I could, and pretending to be asleep; but he reasoned, very justly, that, unless I was deaf or dead, I must have been awakened by the second."

"From learning the least things, my dear."

"Ah," observed the boy, "I dare say there's the alphabet now, for instance, ain't there? Who ever first hit on that, I wonder, to teach a fellow to read?"

"Ay, and there's the deaf and dumb alphabet, too, Dickey, which teaches people to talk without words."

"And were you ever deaf and dumb, Aunt Georgy?" Oh, my, what a funny go!

TO A WINTER WIND.

Lead wind! strong wind! blowing from the mountain;
Fresh wind! free wind! sweeping o'er the sea;
Four forth thy vials like torrents from air fountains,
Draughts of life to me!

Clear wind! cold wind! like a northern giant,
Stare brightly throning all thy cloud-driven hair,
Thrilling the blank night with a voice defiant—
I will meet thee there!

Wild wind! bold wind! like a strong-armed angel,
Clasp me round!—kiss me with thy kisses divine!
Breathe in my dulled heart thy secret, sweet
—Mine, and only mine!

Pierce wind! mad wind! howling through the nations!
Know'st thou how loath that heart as thou sweep'st by,
Ah! thou wouldst pause awhile in gentle patience,
Like a human sigh!

Sharp wind! keen wind! piercing as word-arrows,
Empty thy quiver fall! Pass on! what is't to thee,
Though in some burning eye life's whole bright
circle narrows
To one misery?

Loud wind! strong wind! stay thou in the mountain;
Fresh wind! free wind! trouble not the sea!
Or lay thy freezing hand upon my heart's wild fountain;
That I hear not thee!

CLARA LAKE'S DREAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

V.

A middle-sized comfortable room in a country house was growing dusk and dim in the autumn twilight. The large blazing fire had faded down to red embers, having rendered the atmosphere unpleasantly warm, and a lady seated in a long chair had pushed it quite back, so that she was in the shade both from the light and the fire. A look of perplexity, of care, sat on her face, young and lovely though it was, and even in her hands, as they lay, listless, on her lap, there was an air of abandonment.

Her thoughts were buried in a painful retrospect: the retrospect of only the two months past: they had brought grief to her—as the summer did to the unhappy girl, told of in the "Banks of Allan Water." It was Clara Lake, and this paper will close her history. The world, in its hard, matter-of-fact reality, laughs at such histories; but it has to witness such from its nooks and corners, laugh or not laugh.

Had any one told her, the previous August, when she came over to Guild Farm for a two days' visit, that the visit would not be one of days, but of months, she would have disbelieved them. Nevertheless, things had so turned out, all easily and naturally, as it seemed to look back upon, as it seemed to her, now she was tracing its event.

The two days' visit had passed delightfully, and Mrs. Chester pressed them to remain to the end of the week. A happy idea (or the contrary: the reader must judge) came to Mr. Lake before it was over. They had contemplated making alterations in their house at Katterley: two of the rooms were to be enlarged, and the whole repapered, painted, and embellished. Mr. Lake proposed that it should be set about then, instead of deferred till spring, and that they should remain his sister's guests while it was done, paying her of course, *sub rosa*, for Mrs. Chester had a difficulty, as we have said, in making both ends meet. They would not be above a month about the alterations, if they worked well, was Mr. Lake's opinion, and his wife acquiesced, for Mrs. Chester pressed it eagerly. He knew nothing of workmen; builders, carpenters, decorators; the old saying, "If once you get them into a house, you never get them out," seemed to hold true in this instance; for here was October come, and Katterley Lodge was as far off being ready for their reception as ever.

It would have been a very slight grievance, for Mrs. Chester's house was agreeable, and they had no particular home ties. A very slight grievance indeed, under ordinary circumstances; but there was one inhabiting it with them, who was rendering it insupportable to Clara Lake. It was Angelina, Lady Ellis.

Young, good-looking, exacting, living but in admiration, and not scrupulous how she obtained it, provided she got it, she had cast her basilisk eyes, the first hour she met him, on the careless, attractive Frederick Lake, one of those men, wife or no wife, who are ever ready to meet such admiration more than half way. A flirtation was plunged into, pretty deep on both sides, and for a whole month it never gave Mrs. Lake a care or a thought, for she was accustomed to see her husband's admiration given to others; but never yet had a possibility crossed her mind that she could give more than admiration, for she believed his love was hers; hers only: to be hers forever.

Imperceptibly, she could not remember when it first arose, a shade of annoyance, of vexation stole upon her, for the flirtation (we have to call it that, for want of a better name) grew into sentiment, if not to passion; and also to concealment—a bad sign, the latter. And now, that October was come in, and passing, Clara Lake's whole inward life was one scene of pain, of wild jealousy, preying upon her very heart-strings. She had loved her husband with all the fervor of a deeply imaginative nature, and she had believed in him with the perfect trustfulness of a refined, unsuspicious English girl.

She sat in her chair there, drawn away from the heat of the fire, but what was that heat, compared to the heat, the inward fever that raged within her?

"If it could but end!" she murmured, "if we could but go back to our home at Katterley!"

Mr. Lake had gone over by the train, that afternoon, to see how it was progressing, and she wondered he was not back. Lady Ellis

had disappeared after dinner, Mrs. Chester was in the nursery, where she had a dress-maker at work, making frocks for her children; for she had to practise various little ins and outs of economy; so that Mrs. Lake had the room to herself.

A young girl came in, Fanny Chester, and Mrs. Lake roused herself, glad perhaps of the interruption to her thoughts.

"Is mamma in the nursery still, dear?"

"Yes. She's helping at the skirts, and showing Miss Cooper how she wants the bodice cut. Is Uncle Fred not here?"

"Uncle Fred is not back yet, Fanny."

"Yes he is. I saw him from the window with Lady Ellis, ever so long ago. They were going towards the shrubbery. Will you please reach me one of those old newspapers up there? Mamma sent me for it; she wants to cut a pattern."

Giving the child the newspaper she asked for, and watching her from the room, Mrs. Lake drew to the window and looked out, her heart beating rebelliously. So! he was back, "ever so long ago," and selecting himself with the sweet companionship of Lady Ellis! An impulse, a wild impulse which she could not restrain, led her to open the glass doors and step out into the dusky twilight, willing to see with her own eyes whether the child's information was true. Had she given herself a moment's time for reflection she probably would not have gone, for she was of a highly honorable nature, and the very idea of being a spy, even upon her recreant husband, is abhorrent to such. Had she ever followed them before? No. Though she knew there had been stolen interviews upon interviews.

It was a raw, foggy evening, and the air struck upon her with a chill as she came out of the heated room. What cared she? Had she been plunged into a bath of ice, she would not have felt it then.

Well, what did she find, or see? Nothing very dreadful, taking it in the abstract, but quite enough to fan the jealous indignation of a wife. The shrubbery appeared to be empty, and she had glided far away down it, when from a cross opening, she caught the sound of advancing footsteps and voices. Retreat was not expedient, for she must pass the opening, and might encounter them; and she darted into an alcove, behind the bench which ran along its front. She had not bargained to get so close to them, and almost hoped the earth might open and bury her alive, rather than she should be seen.

He was toying with one of her hands; they were close enough for Mrs. Lake to see that in the dusk; and his tones were low and tender—the same tones which had been given to her before their marriage, and which had won her heart forever. What was saying, she could not in her agitation tell, but as they were passing her, going from the house, not to it, Lady Ellis spoke.

"Frederick! it is getting dark and cold."

"Frederick! and his wife listening! It might have made no difference, had Lady Ellis known that."

"The dark won't hurt you," he softly said.

"Are you not with me?"

"But it is damp also. Indeed, since I returned from India, I feel both the cold and damp very much."

She spoke in a timid, gentle tone; as different from her natural tones, as different from those she used to any one but him, as can well be imagined. That she had set herself out to gain his love, to trample upon his wife's feelings, to outrage her affections, was a sure fact. How far Lady Ellis contemplated going, or Mr. Lake either, and what they may have anticipated would be the final upshot, how or where it was to end, was best known to themselves; let it lie with them.

"There's a shawl of yours, I think, Angelina, in the summer-house. Sit you there while I get it."

He actually placed her on the bench close to where his wife was standing; they touched each other within an inch or two. Clara drew in her breath, and wished the earth would open.

He came swinging back with it; a warm, gray woollen shawl.

"All right, Angelina. Don't you remember throwing it off last evening when we were there? I noticed that you left it. Now be quiet. Have you any pins? I'll wrap you up."

She had risen, and he put the shawl upon her, carrying it over her head, and making her sit down again while he "fixed" it, so that only her face was visible, pinning it under her chin; with such care—oh! with such care.

"You are taking as much trouble as though we were going to stop out till midnight," laughed Lady Ellis. "What will your wife think?"

"She doesn't know I am back. And if she did; what then? There; you can't feel the cold now."

"No, I don't think I can."

"But what am I to have for my pains?"

She did not answer. And Frederick Lake, lifting the handsome face to his, kissed it passionately.

"My dearest!" he softly whispered.

They moved away. He with his arm round her; possibly to keep the shawl in its place. And Mrs. Lake stole from her hiding-corner and hastened to the farm; had any one been near, they might have heard a low wail, as of a breaking heart, that came forth and mingled with the inclement evening air.

Some writer remarks—and I think it is Butler, in his "Student"—that, to the vulgar, there is but one infidelity in love. It is perfectly true; but I think the word "vulgar" is there misapplied; unless we may apply it to all, whether inmates of the palace or the cottage, whose temperament is not of the ultra-refined. Ultra-refined, mind! they of the sensitive, proud, impassioned nature, whose inward life, its thoughts, workings, can never be betrayed to the world, any more than they themselves can be understood by it. They are hardly fit to dwell on this earth, to battle with its sins and its cares; for their spirit is more exalted than is well; it may be said, more etherealized: the gold too highly refined, remember, is not adapted for general use. That the broad, vulgar idea conveyed by the word, infidelity, is not their infidelity, is very certain. It is the unfaithfulness of the spirit,

the wandering of the heart's truth to another, that constitutes infidelity for them; and where such comes, it shatters the heart's life, as effectually as a blast of lightning shatters the tree it falls on. This was the infidelity that wrought the misery of Clara Lake; that other infidelity, whether it was, or was not to have place, she barely glanced at: her husband's love had left her for another, and what mattered aught else?

She returned, shivering to the house, entering by the glass doors. The fire was nearly out; it wanted stirring and replenishing; she never saw it, never noticed it, but crept up stairs to her own room. We cannot follow her; for you may not doubt that the quarter of an hour she stopped in it, she had need to be alone, away from the prying eyes of men.

The warm light came out from the open nursery door as she emerged again, and she went in. Mrs. Chester was running the slate-colored lining to the skirt of a black frock, and Miss Cooper sat at the same table, equally busy. She was the sister of the young man who had driven the train the night of the accident in August; was, like him, steady and well conducted, and many ladies employed her at their houses by day.

"Is it you, Clara?" exclaimed Mrs. Chester.

"I shall be down in an instant. Is tea on the table?"

"I don't know. I have been in my room," replied Mrs. Lake, sitting in a low chair close to the fire.

A light, quick footstep was heard on the stairs, and Frederick Lake dashed in, a gay smile on his handsome face.

"Pretty housekeepers you are! the fire's out down stairs!"

"The fire out?" uttered Mrs. Chester, in consternation. "Clara, dear, what have you been thinking of? you should have rung. Where's Lady Ellis? what will she say of my housekeeping? Penny, run, and tell one of them to see to it. So you have got back, Fred?" she added, to her brother.

"Safe and sound," was his response. "And how are you by this time, Clara?" cried he, as standing between her and the table, he bent down to the low chair where she sat, and kissed her forehead.

It was a cold kiss—a careless matter-of-course sort of kiss, a *la* matrimony. She made no answering response, but the hot crimson dyed her cheeks, as he contrasted it with certain other kisses bestowed by him on somebody else not long before; they were passionate enough; rather too much so. Had he noticed, he might have seen his wife press her hand sharply on her bosom: as if she might be trying to hide its tumultuous throbbing.

"And how does the house get on, Fred?" asked Mrs. Chester.

"Slower than ever. You'll have us till Christmas, Penelope, according to the present look-out."

"I hope I shall; although Clara"—turning towards her—"does seem in a fidget to get back."

Clara seemed in a fidget about nothing, just then: she was sitting perfectly still, her face and her eyes cast down. Frederick Lake rattled on, in his own fashion, beginning upon the dressmaker now.

"What's that you are cutting out? a pair of pantaloons for me?"

"It's a pair of sleeves, sir."

"Oh, sleeves! I feared they'd hardly be large enough. By the way, nothing has been done yet about your brother, one way or the other."

"No, sir. It is very hard."

"It is very strange," returned Mr. Lake—"strange there should be this contradiction about the lights. Each side is so positive."

"I am quite certain, sir, that Matthew would not say what was untrue, even to save himself; therefore, when he says it was only the green light that was up, I know it was the green."

"Precisely the same thing that I tell every body: I have unlimited faith in Cooper."

"And there's Colonel West to bear out what he says, sir, you know. The colonel would not say the green light was up, if it was not."

"No. But then, again, Oliver Jupp and the station people maintain it was red. For my part, I think there must have been a little conjuring going on. Have you been out for a walk to-day, Clara?"

"No."

"You might have come back and taken her," put in Mrs. Chester. "Lady Ellis did not have her walk to-day, failing you. Have you not just got back? Why no, of course not; the train must have been in more than an hour ago; and there's no other till eight o'clock."

"Oh, they put a special on for me," returned Mr. Lake.

"Don't be stupid, Fred," retorted Mrs. Chester. "You must have been back some time."

"Have it your own way, Penelope, and perhaps you'll live the longer."

"Uncle Fred, you know you were back a long while ago. You stopped in the shrubbery with Lady Ellis."

He looked over the table at the little speaker, caught hold of her by the waist, and swung her round.

"That's the way you see ghosts, is it, Miss Fanny? Take care you don't see them when you are in bed at night. How could you see me in the shrubbery, if I was not there?"

"Be quiet, Uncle Fred! put me down. Miss Cooper, the tea is ready in the kitchen, and they are waiting for you. And, mamma, the fire's burning up in the parlor, and the tears carried in."

In a few moments, the only occupants of the nursery were Frederick Lake and his wife. He began speaking of the progress of their house; or, rather, the non-progress. Mrs. Lake—the one dreadful certainty giving rise to other suspicions—wondered whether he had bribed the men to retard it.

"Seriously speaking, Clara, I do think we shan't get back before Christmas."

She had determined upon saying something; what she hardly knew. But when she tried to speak, she could not; the violent agitation she was in impeded her utterance. She looked up at him, and opened her lips, but no words came; her throat was heaving, her breath panting.

"Clara, you have turned quite white; are you ill?"

"I—I—feel cold," was all she brought out.

"It's a cold, nasty night. Tea will warm you; I suppose it's ready."

He took one of the candles from the table, and went to his own room to wash his hands. His wife was in the same position when he brought it back. "Tea is sure to be ready, Clara; are you coming?"

She rose and followed him down. Mrs. Chester was pouring out the tea, and Lady Ellis in her black silk dress with its low body and short sleeves, and the rushe of white crape, causing her to look girlish, and younger than she was, sat on the sofa. She had several evening dresses, but they were all black, and all made in the same simple style. Sir George had not been dead twelve months yet, but she had never worn a widow's cap, it would have spoiled her hair, she told them. Very nice, very silky and beautiful did her purple-black hair look that night, and Frederick Lake playfully touched one of the plaits, as he sat down beside her.

They began chess after tea, he and Lady Ellis: a one way or other, they generally monopolized each other's evenings. Mrs. Chester was busy with her embroidery, and Clara sat by the fire, reading, or making believe to read. Mrs. Chester's eyes happened to turn upon her, and she burst forth, vehemently.

"Clara! what is the matter?"

Frederick Lake turned quickly round, and looked at his wife. The book had fallen upon her knee, her cheeks were scarlet, her whole frame was shivering. He arose and approached her.

"You are certainly ill, my dear. You must have caught cold. Had you not better take something, and go to bed?"

She lifted her eyes to his, and interrupted sharply. "I shall not go to bed. If I have caught cold, it will be well in the morning. Do not let me disturb your game."

She contrived to repress the shivering, and sat where she was till bedtime, though it was evident, even to herself, that she had caught a violent cold. How could she have caught it? wondered Lady Ellis; and Clara bit her tongue to enforce silence, for she could scarcely forbear telling her. Mrs. Chester proposed a host of remedies, but Clara would only consent to try one, a glass of white wine whey, and to have her bed warmed. When the maid quitted the room with the warming-pan, and left the tumbler of whey, she noticed that Mrs. Lake had not begun to undress.

Neither had she when her husband came up. He was surprised. "Why, Clara? I thought you were in bed." She was wrapped in a shawl, and was sitting down, as composedly as though she did not mean to honor the bed for an hour or two. Mr. Lake began to think her manner strange. He laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Clara, what ails you to-night?"

She shrank from his hand, and replied to his question by asking another. "Why is it that our house is not ready?"

"That's just what I asked the workmen; lady dogs!"

"We must go back to it as it is. Some of the rooms are habitable. Will you do so?"

"What in the world for? We are very comfortable here, Clara; and between ourselves, it is a help to Penelope."

"We must go back. I cannot stay."

"But why? Where's the motive?"

She drew her shawl closely round her as if she shivered, and spoke the next words with a jerk, for to get them out required an effort of pain. "What is there between you and Lady Ellis?"

"Between me and Lady Ellis!" echoed Mr. Lake with all the carelessness in life. "Nothing at all. What should there be?"

She bent towards him, and whispered. "Which is it?—which is it to be—I, or she?"

"To be—for what?" uttered Mr. Lake, really at a loss.

"Which is it that you love?" she wailed forth.

"Clara, you are growing foolish."

"Don't put me off in this false way," she vehemently uttered. "Why are you always with her, stealing walks and interviews? why do you give to her your impassioned kisses, and call her by endearing names? Frederick, you will tell me: have you forgotten my dream? have you forgotten that my coming to this house, as I did do, seemed to shadow forth my death?"

"That dream again, of all things!" sarcastically exclaimed Mr. Lake, dropping, either in temper, or by accident, the hair-brush he had taken in his hand. "I think it's time it was done with. And the notion of my kissing Lady Ellis! and calling her—what did you phrase it?—endearing names! That's the best joke I have heard lately."

She fixed her gaze steadfastly upon him; there was something in it which seemed to say she could convict him of falsehood if she chose, and his eyes fell beneath hers.

"Whatever has come over you, Clara? You must be turning jealous! I never knew you so foolish before."

"No," she wailed, in a tone of pain, "never before, never before. I will not descend to explanation or reproach; you may ask your own conscience how much of the latter you merit. I shall go home to-morrow. I dare not stay in this house with that woman; do you understand me, I dare not. You can accompany me if—if—Frederick, you must choose between us; it must be I, or she."

He did not speak for a minute or two; and when he did, it was in a careless tone, as though he wished to make light of the matter altogether.

"Of course if you have made up your mind to return to an uncomfortable home, half pulled down, we must do so. I am sorry for the caprice, for we shall be choked up with paint and dust."

"Very well. We go to-morrow. I will send Elizabeth over early in the morning, to get things straight for us."

She rose as she spoke, and began to undress. His eyes fell upon the tumbler.

"I do believe this is your white wine whey! It is cold; where's the use, Clara, of drinking it like this? it will do you no good."

"Oh, what does it signify?" was her answer.

sway, as if that, and all things else, were a matter of indifference to her.

He quitted the room without speaking, and by-and-by came back with another tumbler, hot, and made her drink it.

But the morrow brought no journey for Mrs. Lake; it brought illness instead. She awoke so exceedingly suffering that the nearest doctor was summoned in haste. He pronounced the malady to be inflammation of the chest and lungs, and forbade her to attempt to leave her bed. He inquired if she knew how she had taken it, and she told him, after a pause of hesitation, that she had gone out of doors from a warm room the previous evening, without putting anything on, and the fog must have struck to her.

Yes; it was so. As the night she had gone out to witness struck a chill to her heart, so did the cold and damp strike a chill to her frame, and for three weeks she never left her bed. A nice time of it those two must have had down stairs! Frederick Lake, genuinely sorry for her illness, in itself, was quite an exemplary attendant, and would pass half an hour together in the sick-chamber, indefatigably himself by several half-hours with somebody else. Mrs. Chester of course saw nothing; nobody on earth could be more conveniently blind, where her interest was concerned, and it would be unprofitable to her to lose or to offend Lady Ellis. Clara lay and imagined—all that might be taking place; the sweet words, the little endearments, the confidential interchange of feeling and thought; it was not precisely the way to get better.

The first time she went down stairs was a dusky afternoon in November. She did not go down then by orders, quite the contrary. She had sat up for some days in her bed-room, and might venture soon, the doctor said, not just yet. She had been much alone that afternoon; Elizabeth had gone over to Katterley on an errand. Mrs. Chester was busy in her house-hold, and Frederick did not come up. She sat feverishly expecting him, but he never came. Very, very dull she felt, very dispirited; when the twilight came on, it made it worse, and she determined to be alone no longer, but to go down.

Wrapping herself up in a thick shawl, as warmly as her husband had wrapped up another that by-gone night, she descended. There was little light in the drawing-room, for the fire was low; but standing over it, talking together, she in her dinner dress, were her husband and Angelina Ellis, his hand round her neck, and resting on her fair shoulder.

"You know, Angelina," he was saying—when at that moment he became conscious that some one had entered to disturb them, and turned his head. Who was it? a muffled-up figure, and Frederick Lake strained his eyes as it came nearer. The next moment he had sprung at least five yards from "Angelina."

"Clara! How could you be so imprudent? You know you ought not to have left your room. Come here, my dear."

Pushing aside Lady Ellis, with, it must be owned, little ceremony, he drew a couch close to the fire in the warmest corner, laid his wife upon it, snatched up a cloth mantle of Mrs. Chester's, which happened to be lying on a chair, and fenced her in with it from the draught, should there be any; and edging himself on to the same sofa, as if he would also fence the draught from her, he leaned down and looked at her, waiting till she was calm. For her breath was very labored just then; perhaps with the exertion of coming down, perhaps with mental emotion. Clara Lake possessed eyes as we all do.

"Now tell me why you ventured down," said he, making a prisoner of one of her hands, and speaking in a tender tone.

"I was dull; I was alone," she panted.

"Alone! dull! where's Penelope? where's Elizabeth? I thought they were with you."

She did not explain, or answer. She lay back quietly as he had placed her, her eyes closed, and her white face motionless. For the first time Frederick Lake thought he saw a look of death upon it, and a strange thrill of anguish darted through him. "What a fool I am!" quoth he to himself, the next moment. "It's the reflexion of that fire."

They went in to dinner; not Clara; her appetite had not come to her. There was a fowl upon the table, and Frederick Lake, leaving his own dinner, took some of it to his wife, though his sister assured him it would be useless. He found her in a perfect paroxysm of tears; she was sobbing wildly; left alone to herself, she had given way. He put down the plate, and bent over her.

"My dearest, this will never do. Why do you grieve so? What is the matter?"

"Oh, you know? you know!" she uttered. There was a dead pause. She employed it in smothering and choking down her sobs.

"I want to go home."

"The very instant that you may go with safety," he readily assented. "If the doctor says you may go to-morrow, Clara, we will do so. I must not have my dear little wife grieve like this."

No response.

"I have brought you a bit of fowl, Clara; try and eat it."

She waved it away, briefly saying she could not touch it, she could not eat; she waved him away. And Frederick Lake carried the plate and the fowl back to the dining-room, not feeling altogether upon the best terms with himself.

"I knew she would not touch it," exclaimed Mrs. Chester.

"Is she sulking?" whispered Lady Ellis to Mr. Lake, next to whom she sat, the two little girls being opposite, as she sat her brilliant and fascinating eyes upon him.

He was not quite bad; he cared for his wife, probably as much as he had ever done, although he had become enthralled by another, according to his light and unsteady nature. A haughty flush darkened his brow, and he pointedly turned from her without answering.

What of that? He had forgotten it in a few minutes, and was as deep in the affair as ever. Clara lay on the sofa the whole evening, and they gathered round her, but when tea was over, they and Lady Ellis, began their chess again, while Mrs. Chester sat by Clara and talked.

In three days more they left Guild Farm, and returned to Katterley.

Home, at last!

The difference of opinion, touching the lights at the railway station, on the night of the fatal accident, was causing no small sensation. That one party should stand to it the lights were green, was astonishing from one simple fact; namely, that both sides were worthy of credit. The coroner had significantly remarked upon the "hard reasoning somewhere," but, on which side could that reproach attach to? Even allowing that the station-master, the porter, and the switchman, had ventured on some "hard reasoning" out of regard to a little private self-justification (though there was no reason to suppose that they had) it was quite certain that Oliver Jupp would do nothing of the sort, and he was an equivalent testimony that the danger signals, red, were up. On the other hand, the physician, Cooper—was virtually a prisoner, though out on bail—was known to be a most truthful and respectable man, incapable, it was fully believed, of telling a lie; and, to bear him out, was the unimpeachable testimony of Colonel West, who asserted, as he did, that the lights were green. The coroner and jury could arrive at no decision, and the inquest was adjourned time after time, from one three weeks to another, until the county was getting tired of it. Cooper, meanwhile, was suspended from employment, and stood a chance of being reduced to straits, if it lasted much longer. The coroner and Oliver Jupp, who were intimate, made rather merry over it when they met, each accusing the other of having "seen double," but neither would give way an inch. The public were confounded, and knew not which side to believe; neither of the two gentlemen had the slightest personal interest in the

"That was my wife," said the colonel, good-humoredly. "She has a blue pencil and a green one; if she sends me in doors for the green, she says I bring her the blue; and if for the blue, I bring her the green. She sets it down to intention, and intention means accordingly."

"You could not have given us a better confirmation that my opinion is right," smiled Dr. Macpherson, glancing at those around him. "But may I ask what you have not set it down to?"

"I? Not to anything. It never troubled me."

The professor actually clasped his hands.

"What! You acknowledge it is so true to nature, colonel! These who, like you, are affected with color blindness, can rarely be brought to believe in their own defect. It is a fact that the greater portion of them are not conscious of it; they really don't know that they cannot distinguish colors; or if they have an idea that they may not be so quick in that particular as some, they do not think of questioning the cause: to use your own expression, it does not trouble them. I understand you maintain that, the night of the accident, the same light was up, green, which generally is up."

"Yes," replied the colonel.

"Now I will tell you how to account for that. It was not so much that you could be sure the green light was up, as that you could not distinguish any difference between the one you saw, and the one you were accustomed to see. You could not discern the difference, I say, and therefore you maintained it to be, as you believed, the same one—the green."

"This seems plausible enough, as you state it," observed the colonel, "but, pray why should it not be my young friend, Jupp, who was mistaken—and not I?"

The professor shook his head. "I am quite sure that this gentleman"—indicating Oliver Jupp—"can never be mistaken in colors or in their shades, so long as he retains his eyesight to see anything: he has the organ very largely developed. I am right, colonel," he added, nodding.

"But what do you say to Cooper, the driver?" returned the colonel. "He says it was green; and everybody agrees that he would only assert what was true."

"What he thought was true," corrected Dr. Macpherson. "There is little doubt, in my mind, that Cooper's case will turn out to be like your own—a case of color blindness. He could not distinguish the difference in the light from the ordinary light, and believed it to be the same."

The strange opinion avowed by Dr. Macpherson—strange indeed, was it to the primitive ears of the country place—obtained weight, and it was determined to test the sight, so far as color went, of Cooper. Colonel West good-humoredly proposed that his own also should be tested. The instant the professor cast his eyes on Cooper's face—who was sent for to Colonel Dalton—he pronounced him to labor under the defect, even in a greater degree than Colonel West.

Night came, and several colored lamps were provided, and those interested assembled at the station. The professor was constituted master of the ceremonies, and proceeded to his task, by running up a light to the signal post. "What is it?" asked he, addressing the two who were on trial.

"It's green," said the colonel.

"It's red," said Cooper.

And there was a general laugh. For the lamp was blue.

He next ran up two lamps.

"What are they?" he asked.

There was a dead silence. Neither Cooper nor the colonel could tell.

"I think they are green and white," hazarded Cooper, at length.

"And I say they are red and blue," cried the colonel.

They were white and blue.

Then the four lamps were exhibited, and the mistakes made by both assistants kept the platform in a roar. The colonel did tell which was the white—but it was probably more of a guess than a certainty. They could distinguish a difference," they said, between two or more colors when exhibited at once, but were unable to state what that difference was. By the time the experiment came to an end, the fact had been fully established that both Colonel West and Matthew Cooper labored under the defect of color blindness.

"Cooper," said Oliver Jupp, in a good-natured tone, "they must never make an engine driver of you again."

"Well, I don't know, sir," returned Cooper, who seemed very chagrined, "if it's true what this strange gentleman says, why—I suppose it is true. But I hope they'll make something else of me: I know I am keen enough at most things. If a man is deficient in one line, he may be all the quicker in another."

"Now you have given utterance to a truism, without perhaps knowing it," interposed the professor, cheerily. "Be assured that where a defect exists, it is amply made up for by the largeness of some other gift. Never fear that an intelligent man, like you, will want employment, because you are found not suited to the one they placed you on."

"About the worst they could have given him," remarked Oliver, as he walked away with the doctor. "An engine driver ought, of all people, to be able to distinguish colors."

"There are some of our engine drivers who do not though," replied the doctor, lowering his voice. "Several of our worst accidents have occurred from this very fact."

"Do you think so?"

"I know it. It is a more frequent defect than would be thought, this absence of the organ of color, but it is one that no attention has been hitherto given to—a subject that, with some, excites ridicule. A company, engaging an engine driver, would as soon think of testing his capacity for eating a good dinner as that of being able to distinguish light colors. Most essentially necessary is it, though, that drivers, present or future, should undergo the examination."

"It seems so to me," said Oliver. "And always will—after this night's experience."

"And until such examination is made general, I should change the form of the signal lamp," remarked the professor. "Let the green, or safe signal be one form and small;

the red or danger signal be as different as it could be made and large; so different that it could not fail to catch the eye. For, look you, a head, deficient in the organ of color, will usually have that of form very much developed; and if a driver could not see the light, he might the form; and so save his train."

Now, reader, all this is a little bit of truth, a fact from the past, woven into story for you. And if you don't choose to believe it, you must not cavil at it. I can tell you that if you would only search out and mark for yourself, you would find that blindness to color is by no means an uncommon defect; and that it has existed and does exist in some of the engine drivers.

VII.

The winter came on. And how grew Clara Lake? Better? Well, she did not seem to grow much better; at any rate, not well, and the old doctor at Katterley, who had known her constitution from infancy, appeared puzzled. She dressed, as in her days of health, and went about the house; on fine days would go out for a walk in the sunshine; but she remained weak and debilitated, and could not get rid of her cough.

And Mr. Lake? Oh, he was very well, and chiefly divided his leisure between his wife and Lady Ellis; now at home with the one, now at Guild, saying (it must be assumed) soft things to the other. Of course he never went for the sake of seeing his lady; certainly not; there was an excuse ever ready. Mrs. Chester had given him this commission, and he must go and report to her; or Mrs. Chester had given him the other; or he went over to escort some of the Jupps; or he had business with his tailor; for he had fallen into a freak to employ one who lived at Guild; an excuse for taking himself to Guild never failed.

What could Clara say, or do? Could she descend to say to him, you shall not go there? No; she suffered in silence; but it was killing her.

"Clara, I have promised to spend Christmas-day with Penelope."

A sudden rush of color to her wasted cheeks, and a response that was faint and low.

"Have you?"

"She would not take a denial. You will be able to go?"

"I go!"

She shook her head.

"My dear, I tell you what it is," he resumed, in a choked voice, "you will fancy yourself ill and lie by and say you can't go out, till it will end in your being ill."

"Do you think I am well?"

"You are not strong. But if you would rouse yourself and go out and about, and shake off fancies, you would soon become so. You have not been over to Guild since we came home."

"You make up for it then, for you are there often enough," she could not help retorting.

"Something or other happens to take me there," he returned, setting the poker and knocking the coal. "You will go on Christmas-day, Clara; Penelope is preparing for us."

"No. I am not well enough. And if I were, I should prefer to be at home. Say no more," she added, passionately, interrupting what he was about to urge, "you ought not to wish me to go there."

A long silence.

"I shall go. I must. I can't get off it."

She did not speak.

"What is to be done, Clara? It will never do for me to spend Christmas-day there, and you to spend it at home. And he finished the clause by breaking out, half singing, half muttering into the lines of a popular ditty, that our childhood was familiar with:

"To-morrow is my wedding-day, and all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonston, and I should dine at Ware."

What was to be done, Clara?

She sat with her hands folded before her, and did not immediately answer. If she could not tell what was to be done, or what ought to be done, she would not.

"You must do as you think right," she said, with a slight stress upon the word. "I am unwell to be anywhere but at home on Christmas-day."

Mr. Lake went to Guild. Not doing as he thought right, for his conscience was giving him a sharp twinge or two, but following the bent of his inclination, which urged him into the sunshine of my lady's smiles. Clara felt worse that morning, but she attended church, and he with her; he quitting, as he was to go, when the service was over, she waiting for the more solemn service that was to follow. When she reached home it was nearly two o'clock, and my lord was walking about, all impatience, for his train started at two. With a farewell to his wife, full of paradoxical affection, he took himself off to the station, telling her to mind and eat a good dinner, and to drink his health and her own in champagne.

Very considerably astonished was he, to find himself burst in upon at Mrs. Chester's by Mary Anne Jupp. They had dined, all easily; and Mrs. Chester's children, with two of the Clapperton girls, who were guests that day, had retired to another room to make what noise they pleased, leaving Mrs. Chester, my lady, and Frederick Lake at dessert. Mary Anne came in without ceremony and out of breath, having run from Guild station, walked up to him, and spoke:

"Would you see your wife before she dies?"

He rose in consternation. Mrs. Chester rose; she sat still, listened and looked. His very lips were white as he asked for an explanation.

It was given in a sharp ringing manner. One of the servants had gone in, and found Mrs. Lake lying on the floor; whether she had fainted, or whether she might have fallen over anything, they could not tell, and as they were raising her up, blood issued from her mouth; a vessel on the chest or lungs had given way. The doctor was summoned, and Elizabeth ran up for Mary Anne Jupp.

"Will you go to her?" asked the young lady of Mr. Lake, as she finished her recital.

"Or am I to take word back that you will not?"

"Why do you say that to me?" he stoned, with emotion.

"My dear Miss Mary Anne!" struck in Mrs. Chester, in a tone of remonstrance.

Now Mary Anne Jupp was an exceedingly upright-minded, right feeling young woman; her sisters were the same; and they had, for a long while past, greatly condemned what was going on—the absurd infatuation subsisting between Frederick Lake and Lady Ellis, and his neglect of his wife. Their eyes had been open to it, if nobody else's had; and Mary Anne, in her impulsive way, threatened that one day she should "speak out her mind of the lot."

That day had come.

"Why do I say it to you?" she replied, in her indignant anger; "it is time some one said it to you. You have been killing her by inches; yes, I speak to all of you," she said, throwing her eyes around, "you have been killing her by inches; you, Angeline Ellis, with your false and subtle snare, and you, Penelope Chester, with your complacent winking at sin. He is weak and foolish—look at him, as he stands there in his little room—but he would scarcely have been wicked, had not you drawn him to it. You wonder that I can thus speak out—drowning some interrupting words of Mrs. Chester's—"Is it right for me to be silent, a hypocritical gloss over of crime, when she is dying? I am a gentleman's woman, with an English gentleman's principles about me, and I hope some Christian ones; it behoves such to speak on some times."

"You are mad," gasped Mrs. Chester.

"You have been mad, to allow this conduct in your house—folly, frivolity, much that is bad going on under your very eyes. Had your brother been a single man, it might have been deemed excusable by some; never by me; but he had a fair young wife, and you deliberately set to work to injure her. You did, Penelope Chester; to encourage ill by winking at it, is the same thing as committing it. I say nothing more to you," she added, turning upon Lady Ellis with ineffable scorn: "you may remember certain words you said to me regarding Mr. Lake and his wife, the first afternoon you came here: I did not understand them then, I do now; and I know, that in that first hour of your meeting, you were laying your tolls around him to gain his admiration and never him from his wife. If you retain a spark of feeling, of conscience, the grave of Clara Lake will be as a sharp iron, ever eating into it."

Lady Ellis rose, her jet black eyes flashing.

"Who are you, that you should dare thus insult me?"

Mary Anne Jupp dropped her tone to one of calmness—mockingly calm it was, considering the scorn that mingled with it.

"I have told you who I am: an English gentleman's woman; and with such I should think you will never henceforth presume to consort."

Frederick Lake made no comment or retort, good or bad. He took out his watch, saw that he had time, too much of it, to catch the next train, and quitted the room. Up started Mrs. Chester.

"If Clara is in this state I ought to go to her. Mary Anne, are you—"

Mary Anne turned short round, and interrupted.

"I do not pretend to control your movements; but, were I you, I would at least allow them to be alone in her last hours. You have come between them enough, as it is, Mrs. Chester; neither can the sight of you be pleasant to her."

She left the room, condescending no farewell to either of those she left in it, and followed in the steps of Mr. Lake, taking care not to overtake him. On the platform, as the train was dashing in, he spoke to her:

"Your accusations have been harsh, Mary Anne."

"What has your conduct been?" she sharply retorted. "I loved your wife; and I feel her unhappy fate as keenly as though it had fallen on one of my sisters. The world may chatter and censure you, for it is wondrously tender to those venial sins of conduct; but you cannot recall her to life, whom you vowed before God to love and cherish."

"Step in; the train is going."

"Not in that carriage—with you. Others are in it, and I might be saying things that they would stare at. My temper is up, to-day."

"First class, miss? There's only that there one first class on."

And Mary Anne Jupp walked away, and opened the door of another, which was a third; and took her seat in it.

Thus they reached Katterley. Clara Lake was in less immediate danger than Miss Jupp had supposed, for the blood vessel, which had broken, proved to be only a small one on the chest; not the lungs. To her husband it appeared incomprehensible that she should be in any danger at all; he had never admitted the probability of it.

A day or two, and she was up, and in a small adjoining sitting-room, carried in by him. His love had come back to him, now it was too late—it may be more appropriate perhaps to say his senses had come back to him. Late in the afternoon, he left her comfortably seated in the easy-chair, took his hat, and went out.

His errand was to the doctor's. His wife seemed to assume she should not recover, the servants the same; for all he saw, she might be well in a week or two; and he went to put the question.

"Is she, or is she not, in danger?" he asked.

"Tell me the plain truth."

The old man—he was a personal friend of theirs, as well as medical attendant—laid his hand upon Frederick Lake's shoulder.

"Will you hear the truth?"

"I am come to hear it."

"Then I must tell you that she is in danger. And I fear that a little time will see the end."

Very rapidly beat his pulses as he listened; repentant pulses: a whole lifetime of repentance seemed, in that moment, to be in every one of them.

"But what is killing her? what is it?"

"The primary cause is of course that cold she caught at Guild. It laid hold of her system. Still, I think she might have rallied; many a time, since she came home, I have

doomed her all but well again. You ought to know best, Master Fred, but to me it appears as though she had some grievance on her mind, and that it had been working mischief. I hope you have been a good husband, as Joan says to Hodge," added the doctor, turning from Frederick to take a pinch of snuff, "for your wife has possessed one of those highly sensitive, rarely refined temperaments, that an unkind blow would do for. I once told you this."

He made no comment, and the old gentleman continued.

"The body was a healthy body; there was no inherent disease, and I cannot see why it should not have recovered; but the mind seemed to pull it back; two powers, one working against the other. Between them they have conquered, and will lay her low."

"Do you call it consumption?" he jerked out.

"Decidedly not. More of a decline: a waste of the system."

"Those declines are got over sometimes."

"Not often: when they fairly set in."

"Oh, doctor," he cried, clasping the old man's hands, and giving vent to some of the anguish that was rending him, "try and save her! Save her for my sake! you don't know the cause I have to ask it."

"I wish I could—for both your sakes. But she is beyond earthly aid."

He returned home. The shades of evening were on the room, but the blaze from the fire played on his wife's wasted face. He drew a chair close to her, and took her hand in his as he sat down.

"I know where you have been, Frederick; and I guess for what purpose."

"Ah."

"Margaret Jupp has been here, and she said she saw you turn in to the doctor's. You went to ask him whether I should get well. He told you No; for he knows I shall not. Was it not so?"

She leaned a little forward to look at him.—He suddenly clasped her to his breast with a rush of passionate tenderness, and his hot tears fell upon her face.

"Oh, my darling! my darling!"

"It must be," she softly whispered.

"There is no appeal against it now."

"Clara, if we are indeed to part, at least let perfect confidence be restored between us," he resumed, controlling his emotion with an effort. "What is it that has killed you?"

"Need you ask? If she had never become between us I should have been well now."

"I cannot understand it," he wailed. "I have been foolish and wrong, though not perhaps so much so as you may have imagined; but surely, taking it at its worst, it was not sufficient cause to bring you to death."

"Your love left me for another. It was that which seemed to me more than I could bear."

"My love? oh no. It was but a passing fancy," he said at his tongue's end, and was "fancy," but he substituted another—"folly. My darling, do not give me more than my share of blame, that will be heavy enough to bear. The old man says, that violent cold was the primary cause of decay; surely that cannot be charged upon me."

She was silent a few moments; but, as he had said, there ought to be full confidence between them now. "I will tell you how I caught that cold. Do you remember the night?"

"Not particularly." He was of a forgetful nature; and it was only one of many such others.

"Don't you remember it? When you were walking with her—in the shrubbery in the raw twilight, and she complained of cold, and you went for her shawl on the summer-house, leaving her seated on a bench? You brought it back, and folded it lovingly round her, and kissed her as you did so, whispering—"

In great astonishment he raised his wife's face to gaze into it. Where had she learnt that little private episode? Had she dreamt it? He did not ask; he only started at her.

She bent down her head again to its resting-place, and folded his arm round her in forgiveness. "I was standing there, Frederick, behind the bench. I saw and heard all."

Not a word spoke he. He hardly dared to accept the movement of forgiveness, or to press her to him. Had she glanced up she would have seen his face in a glow.

It was very thoughtful of me to run out from the heated room on that cold, damp night, and without anything on. But oh! I was so unhappy—scarcely, I think, in my senses. I thought you had not returned from Guild; Fanny came in, and said you had been home a long while, and were with her. As impulse took me that I would go and see; I had never done such a thing before; never, never; before or since; and I opened the glass doors and went out. I was half way down the shrubbery when I heard you coming into it from a cross walk, and I darted where I tell you, to hide myself, not to spy upon you."

She paused, but not interrupted.

"So you see that, in a measure, she was the cause of the cold which struck to me. And then I was laid up, and many a time, when you deemed I should fancy you were out shooting, you were with her. I knew it all. And since we came home, you have been ever restless to go to her—leaving me alone—even on Christmas-day."

Ay: even on Christmas-day. He almost gnashed his teeth, in self-condemnation. She, with her impassioned and entire love for him, with her rare and peculiar temperament that, as the doctor had observed, a rule would blow away; he no longer wondered why she was dying.

"It was all to be, Frederick. You remember the dream—how it shadowed forth that I was to meet, in some way, my death through going to Mrs. Chester's."

"Child! can you still dwell upon that dream?"

"Ay. And so will you, when the hearse comes here to take me away. Never was a dream more completely worked out. I have something else to tell you; about it, and her. The very first moment I met her at your sister's, her eyes puzzled me; those strangely jet-black eyes. I could not think where I had seen them. They seemed to be so familiar

to my memory, and I thought and thought in vain, even when the weeks went on. On this very same night that I have been telling you of, I alarmed you by my looks. Mrs. Chester called out, and you, who were at chess with her, came up to me as I sat by the fire. I was shaking, and my cheeks were scarlet, somebody exclaimed. Frederick, I was shaking with fear, with undefined dread; for, an instant before, as I sat looking at her eyes, it had flashed into my mind whose eyes they were."

"Well? Whose?" he asked, for she paused.

"They were those of the man who drove the hearse in my dream," she whispered, in an awe-struck tone. "The very same; nobody else's. You must recollect my describing them to you when I awoke: 'strangely black eyes, the blackest eyes I ever saw,' though of his face I retained no impression. It was singular it should have flashed upon me then, when I had been for weeks trying to get the thread of the mystery."

"Oh Clara, my darling, these superstitious feelings are very sad!" he remonstrated.

"You ought not to indulge them."

"Will you tell me how I could have avoided them? It was not my fault that the dream came to me; or that the eyes of the driver were her eyes; or that my death has been induced through going to Mrs. Chester's. You, Mrs. Chester, both, seemed to help me on to it in my dream; and as surely as the man appeared to drive me to the grave in the hearse, so has she driven me to it in reality. I wrote out the dream in full at the time, and you will find the paper in my desk. Read it over when I am gone, and reflect how completely it has been fulfilled."

He was silent. A strange feeling of superstitiousness was beginning to creep over himself.

"Will you let me ask you something?" she whispered, presently.

He bent his tearful face down upon hers.

"Ask me anything."

"When—I am—no longer here, shall you marry her?"

Frederick Lake darted up with a tremendous word, almost flinging his wife's face from him. His anger bubbled over a few moments; not at his wife's question, but at the idea it suggested.

"Marry her? Her! I would rather take a pistol, and shoot myself through the heart. And—sin as it implies—I assert it before my Maker."

Clara opened her arms. "Then you do not love her as you have loved me!"

He flung himself on his knees before her, and sobbed aloud in his repentant anguish. She leaned over him tenderly, stroking his face and his hair.

"I only wanted to know that. The misery is over now, darling. For the little while we have to be together, let us be as happy as we used to be."

Emotion shook him to the very centre as he listened. Scarcely twice in a lifetime can a man give way to such. For the little while they had to be together! Ay. As Mary Anne Jupp had said, he could not recall her back to life; he could not keep her here to make reparation.

Later, when she was lying back in her chair exhausted, and he stood by the mantelpiece, gazing at her with his yearning eyes, hot and feverish after their tears, Elizabeth came to the room and said Mrs. Chester was below, asking if she might come up. Clara said Yes, and Mr. Lake, not caring to meet her, quitted the room. But she had been very quick, and encountered him at the door.

"There's a friend in the drawing-room, Fred, if you would like to see her," was his sister's greeting.

He went down mechanically; his thoughts flew to no one in particular; somebody might have called. In another moment he stood face to face with Angeline Ellis. The exceeding unfitness of her visit, the bad taste which it betrayed, after the public exposure of Mary Anne Jupp, struck upon him with dismay—perhaps the recent interview with his wife also helped the feeling. He bit his angry lips.

She extended to him her delicately gloved hand, lavender, sewn with black, and melted into her sweetest smiles. He glanced at her bold, coal-black eyes, as they flashed in the rays of the lamp, remembered the eyes of his wife's dream, and—shuddered.

"You are indeed a stranger to Guild," she said. "Has that mad woman, Mary Anne Jupp, persuaded you that you will be poisoned if you come?"

He did not choose to see her offered hand.

"I can no longer spare time from my wife, Lady Ellis; I have spared too much from her."

His cold words chilled her unpleasantly.

"It is really true that she is dying, we hear," she said, in a tone of marked indifference.

"She is dying," he hoarsely answered, "dying through our folly. I beg your pardon, my lady; it had been better, perhaps, that I had said my folly. It is a folly that will give me a lifetime of bitter repentance. Take a seat, I beg; Mrs. Chester will not be long, I imagine, before she returns to you."

He quitted the room; and she compressed together her thin lips, which had turned white, for she fully understood that he had quitted her and "the folly" forever.

In a little time, long before the buds of spring were breaking, a hearse

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COLEMAN'S FIND HIM OUT.—Tom Hobbs, coming one day into the office of a country lawyer, of remarkable domestic habits, and perceiving him, as usual, immersed in his books, with a very grave countenance addressed him as follows:—

"Well, Squire, I declare now, I have known you, man and boy, these twenty years, and yet I can't find you out."

The Squire looked extremely grave at this intimation upon his character, and he hummed and hawed a number of times, before he could give utterance to his surprise.

"Why, really, Tom," at length said he, "I have always tried to sustain a reputable character—I believe I have always dealt frankly and above-board with you."

"True, true," replied Tom, stroking his chin with his left hand, as if weighing the import of his words, "but for all that I must still say I can't find you out."

"What do you mean, Tom? Just explain yourself, for really I don't understand the meaning of this charge."

"I mean as I say," said Tom. "I can't find you out," and the reason is, (bowing profoundly to the lawyer,) I always find you—in."

AN INCONSIDERATE HUSBAND.—Hufkins often lectures his somewhat extravagant but pretty wife. The other night, observing her in all the amplitude of silk and crinoline, he remarked, with emphasis:—

"The error of this day, my dear, is to spread out; to expand; in short, my dear, we are greatly given to extravagance, and we must pull in our expenses. In brief, Mrs. Hufkins, you must contract," and he clasped his hands together, as though he would like to see her magnificent dress suddenly contract in the same way.

"Contract," said Mrs. Hufkins, "how inconsistent you are; the very thing you told me not to do yesterday."

"Me?" roared the astonished husband.

"Yes, you!" said the lady.

"Now, madam, when did you ever propose to contract?"

"Why, I am doing it every hour, and yet can't please you."

"How? what?"

"Why, don't I contract debts frequently?"

"—and you are always displeased."

Hufkins closed the sermon for that day.

RAISED HIMSELF BY THE SEAT OF HIS PANTS.—

TRUMAN K—was as good a mechanic as ever shovelled a jack-plane. One day Truman and a shopmate of his were arguing the practicality and the probability of the manufacture of a "perpetual motion." Shopmate was skeptical on the subject, and delivered himself thus:—

"When a man can lift himself by the seat of his trousers, then, and not till then, can a perpetual motion be made."

"Well," said Truman, "I can do that myself, and I'll bet you a dollar I can do it fairly."

"Done," said the shopmate, "here is my dollar."

The two dollars were put in a bystander's hands. Truman immediately pulled off his pants, tied the legs of them over a beam, just above his head, tightly grasped them by the seat, and raised himself from the floor by main strength. Shopmate acknowledged the corn, and gave up the dollar, but whether his belief in "perpetual motion" was in anywise changed, we cannot vouch.

THE PREACHER'S DISAPPOINTMENT.—Mr. Neale relates a story of "an eminent living prelate," who, with the greatest good humor, is accustomed to narrate the incident himself as a warning to his clergy to preach plainly. While he was still serving a curacy, he was anxious to try his hand at extempore preaching, and accordingly took for his text, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." On this subject he dwelt, much to his satisfaction, for the usual time, he proved from the works of creation, from the construction of our bodies, and from the other usual topics, that there must be a creative power, and that creative power is God. He came down from the pulpit with the comfortable conviction that he had not done so badly after all. Happening to walk home with a farmer who had attended the service, he was anxious to learn what impression he had produced, and accordingly made some observation which led to the point he wished to introduce. "A very capital sermon you gave us, Mr. N.," remarked his companion, "but somehow, I can't help thinking there is a God, for all you said."—*Universal Review.*

COLLEGE DIALOGUE.—(A Freshman meets a Senior in the College Hall.)

Freshman.—"Will you tell me, sir, isocrates difficult?"

Senior.—"Well, I believe it wasn't to me."

Freshman, (much relieved).—"I'm glad of that, for our class are going to take it next week."

Senior, (reflecting).—"Let me see, what language did he write in?"

Freshman, (surprised).—"Greek?"

Senior, (still uncertain).—"Is Greek the language with the funny little crooked letters?"

Freshman, (astounded).—"Certainly!"

Senior, (his doubts removed).—"Oh, well—then it was hard—confoundably hard."

A BRIGHT IDEA IN THE AGRICULTURAL LINE.—

A friend of ours has a little son who is considered by the knowing ones as quite a "dabster."

A few days ago his mother noticed that he visited a particular corner in the garden quite often, and watched his movements. Going to where he was stooping one day, she saw him examining a flower he had pulled out of the ground, to see, as he said, if it had sprouted. His mother inquired his object in planting the quill, when the youngster replied:

"Hum, I guess I've got to raise chickens as well as anybody." At this point the laugh came in, and the point was clearly perceptible.

A COW'S LOOK.—A little girl, says the Knickerbocker, had seen her brother playing with his burning glass and had heard him talk about the "focus." Not knowing what the word "focus" meant, she consulted the dictionary, and found out that the focus was a place where the rays meet. At dinner, when the family were assembled, she announced, "as grand as could be," that she knew the meaning of one hard word. Her father asked her what it was; she said it was the word "focus."

"Well," said he, "Mary what does it mean?"

"Why," she replied, "it means a place where they raise calves."

This of course raised a great laugh; but she stuck to her point, and produced her dictionary to prove that she was right.

"There," said she, triumphantly—"Focus, a place where the rays meet—Calves are meat, and if they raise meat, they raise calves, and so I am right, ain't I, father?"

THE PROPER WORD AT LAST.—There lives not far from the village of C—, in Ohio, a good-humored, honest, but ignorant citizen. Not long ago he built himself a new house, and in discussing the style of its finish with his neighbors, he announced his intention to have a *perchico*. It was suggested that *perchico* was the proper name, but Sam insisted that it was *perchico*, and finally to settle the dispute, declared that the next time he was in town he would "ask John Scott, who had a big dictionary."

Accordingly, a few days after, John Scott was appealed to; and consulting "his big dictionary," told him the proper name was *piazza*. Sam, full of his new knowledge, went triumphantly home, and informed his neighbors that they were all wrong.

"It is not *perchico* nor *perico*," John Scott looked in his big dictionary and told me. I know what it is—it is a *piazza*."

How to Do It.—One of the writer's school-mates was always behind with his lessons; and upon one occasion his teacher, in an academy in which he had managed to obtain an entrance, was endeavoring to explain a question in arithmetic to him. He was asked, "Suppose you had one hundred dollars, and were to give away eighty dollars—how would you ascertain how much you had remaining?"

His reply set teacher and scholars in a roar; for, with his own peculiar drawing tone, he exclaimed, "Why, I'd count it!"

Agricultural.

WORK FOR JANUARY.

FARM ACCOUNTS.—Now "take an inventory" of all you have. Determine by a careful and just estimate of your farm and everything upon it, what your stock in trade is worth, and know, know whether it has paid you a fair interest upon the investment and sufficient wages for your own superintendence. In such an estimate, the farm is entitled to credit for house rent and fire-wood, fruit, vegetables, meat, bread, in fine, everything it has furnished for the use of your family. Do not merely give it credit for crops sold, and setting against that the expense of manure, cultivation, &c., come to the conclusion that farming is an unprofitable business.

WINTER PREPARATIONS.—Take any opportunity the state of the weather may allow, to break up your soil land for corn, tobacco, potatoes, &c. On stiff lands the action of frost is useful, and on all there is an advantage in having the work done early. The team is in better condition for hard work now than in spring, and you will be more sure to plough deeply, and may do so with less risk of any bad consequences from breaking up the subsoil. Of course at no time is it proper to plough the land if wet.

Tobacco.—Make all despatch in the preparation of the tobacco crop for market. In the work of stripping, it should be the care of the master or overseer to supervise strictly the strippers, and see that the various qualities are properly sorted. The material for hogheads, siding and heading, should be got in readiness, so that there be no delay when you are ready for packing.

Tobacco Beds.—At any time this month when the ground may be fit to work, make sure of getting the most of your tobacco seed sown. Grounds just taken out of the woods require burning to put them in nice order for tobacco seed, and brush and old wood being plenty, should be got in readiness at once. Old land is used, however, without burning. Peruvian Guano being applied largely; say at the rate of seven or eight hundred weight to the acre.

Our old friend, Patuxent Planter, in his prize essay, published some years back, on the culture of tobacco, says: "A rich loam is the soil for tobacco plants. Choose a spot on a south hill side, well protected by wood or shrubbery. Burn thoroughly with brush-wood and tobacco stalks mixed; dig deep, and continue to dig, rake and chop, until every clod, root and stone be removed—then level and pulverize nicely with a rake. Mix one gill of seed for every ten square yards, with a quart or half gallon of plaster or sifted ashes to every half pint of seed, and sow it regularly, in the same manner that gardeners sow small seeds, only with a heavier hand. Roll with a hand roller or tramp it with the feet. If sown early, the bed should be covered with open bark. The 10th to the 20th of March is the best time, though it is safest to sow at intervals whenever the land is in fine order for working." We prefer the earlier sowing except for a bed of late plants, because the early sown, (say in January,) in our experience, are almost sure to start to grow earlier than seed sown any time in the month of March. Another reason is, that while we not unfrequently have the ground in fine condition in January or February, it may be too wet all through the month of March.

Care of Stock.—Have all stock carefully looked to, and that continually. Food enough, and especially water enough, and as often as they may want it—not in one great draught, that will thoroughly chill them, but in small quantities, when they will. Cows and ewes

and breeding Sows should be all well fed during the winter months and have especial care as the time approaches for having their young.

Do not delay until spring, but provide yourself at once with any necessary addition to your working stock.

IMPLEMENTS, &c.—Have all implements, carts, &c., put away under cover. Let all be overhauled and repaired, and such new ones purchased as may be wanted.

Clover and Grass Fields.—Let no hoof touch the clover or grass fields during winter, or at any time when the ground is wet and liable to be parched.

MANURES.—Gather, as you have opportunity, materials for manure. Now is especially the time to avail yourself of all domestic resources. Do not however be misled into the useless labor of hauling more material into the yards than is quite sufficient to absorb all the moisture of the droppings from the stock and keep them comfortably dry. Whatever matter also you may be able to gather should be composted with lime or ashes, if it be good manure, and wood's scrapings or other litter may be hauled at once to the grounds where they may be needed and spread upon the surface.

LIME, ASHES, &c.—Take advantage of all weather that is good for hauling, to get such fertilizers as these on the land, and have them spread at once.

FIRE-WOOD AND FENCE STUFF.—Cut fire-wood for next winter, and get material for fences cut and hauled in place.

PREPARATION OF THE GARDEN.—Should the ground at any time this month be unfrozen and sufficiently dry, it may be dug and manured for the earlier vegetables. Composts, which should have been prepared in advance, are the proper manure for all garden plants.

EARLY PEAS.—Some of the earlier peas may be planted, should you find the ground in order for them. After planting, lay, if convenient, some brush wood along the drills, to remain until the peas begin to come up in spring. Under ordinary circumstances, peas will be better and earlier for this early planting, provided, always, the ground is in good order.

POTATOES.—These may be planted for early use if you give them a good covering of manure, and litter enough on top of the ground to ensure them against frost.—*American Farmer.*

FOOD AND TREATMENT OF HENS.—"S. W." of Waterloo, N. Y., has some sensible remarks on this subject in the Genesee Farmer, from which we condense the following:

Lineed meal I have found to be a great promoter of egg-laying. Mixed with scalded meal or shorts, or with sour milk, it is readily eaten, and is a good substitute for animal food and insects. Hens like Indian corn better than any other grain, and it is their cheapest food. For confining hens, a covered room with a dry earth floor, is much better than an open yard, which the rains keep in a filthy state much of the time. With sand to roll in, hens may be confined under cover the whole season. Half an hour before sunset they should be let out to range over the yard and garden. They will then be too busy picking grass, gravel, &c., to scratch and do mischief, being always in a hurry to return to the roost before twilight. Hens thus kept will more than twice pay for their keeping, if not too old to lay well. Two or three days imprisonment in a coop will break up black Spanish hens from sitting, and they soon commence laying again if properly fed. It is only profitable for a village to raise a few early chickens to renew the laying stock, as chickens are great and increasing feeders, eating when half grown, much more than old fat hens.

BREED POULTRY TO ANIMALS.—The Kentucky Turf Register, says a gentleman at Lawrenceport, Indiana, recently emptied brine from a pork barrel into the yard. A number of hogs, and also one horse, partook of it. The result was that the horse and seven hogs died in less than six hours after the barrel was emptied.



TAKE CARE OF THE SHADOWS!

Two deep bay windows lit the room
In which we watch'd the evening gleam
In this myself and Lucy sat.
Father and maiden aunts in that
The daylight on the flags below
And on our ceiling cast a glow

While pater and his coterie
Talk'd matters parliamentary.
Or, ruf'd, with solemn shake of head,
How prudently the young should wed.
In my committee, I said, "This
My dearest, is the time to kiss!"

Lured by the shadowy hour and nook,
The proffer'd pledge she coyly took;
When, lo! by our unlucky fate,
In silhouette, our tête-à-tête,
None and pouted lips were all
Obliquely shadow'd on the wall!

So, when the footman brings in tea,
Sombre are they, and scowl at me.
The lamp has prematurely shown
A truth we had not dared to own.
Small thanks to light untimely cast,
And yet this kiss was not our last!

FISH, THEIR CULTIVATION, &c.

"Law sakes alive," says some Mrs. Partington: "here's a man that's going to tell us how to plant and raise fish in our gardens just like other truck." No, good woman, I shall not tell you all this, yet I will tell hundreds and thousands of you how to raise your own fish. Cultivation means something more than ploughing, harrowing and hoeing, and may well be applied to the raising of fish, and, perhaps, I cannot better instruct you in this art, than by describing what I lately saw right here in South Carolina.

During my late visit to Sumpter, I was shown all over the plantation of my friend Freeman Hoyt, Esq., and here I met with a perfect model of a domestic fish pond. Mr. Hoyt told me that the little stream of water running through this place was the main thing that sold him the land. The branch ran through a low place of such a form, as to enable him by a dam of some fifty yards long, to construct a pond of 700 feet in length, by 150 in width, with a depth varying from the shores, to 12 or 15 feet in the centre. This gives him a pond of over 2½ acres, where he can raise nothing else. One year ago, in the spring, he deposited in this pond eight good sized trout, and near three hundred thousand eggs, with a large amount of smaller sized fish for the trout to feed upon, and he now has the water literally swarming with the funny tribe. His trout are now one year old, and I caught one while there that was over seven inches. Mr. Hoyt will not catch his trout until next year, and then I think he will almost be able to supply the town of Sumpter with fish. The water running from this dam passes through a sieve so that the fish cannot escape from the pond. A little below the dam is built a small two-story house, the lower story for bathing, while in the upper one is kept all the apparatus necessary for cultivating, feeding and taking the fish. All this convenience has been gotten up with a trifling expense, and will be, in the future, a large source of pleasure and profit to Mr. Hoyt and his family, and a perfect blessing to his neighborhood. We all eat too much flesh in this country, and should endeavor to substitute, for some of it, more fish and fowl.

There are hundreds of places in this State, where just as good a pond as the one I have told of, could be built, and the owners not only well supplied with good fish right from the water, but they could derive a good revenue from their neighbors by selling them the proceeds of their pond.—*Lawrenceville (S. C.) Herald.*

BROKEN WIND OR HEAVEN.—"Heaves," the common name for broken wind in the horse, is susceptible of great alleviation by attention to the character and quantity of food to be eaten by the animal, as every one knows. If a horse suffering from this disease is allowed to distend his stomach at his pleasure, with dry food entirely, and then to drink cold water *ad libitum*, he is nearly worthless. But if his food be moistened, and he be allowed to drink a moderate quantity only at a time, the disease is much less troublesome.

A still further alleviation of the "heaves" may be obtained from the use of raw, fat, salt pork, from time to time. I do not say that the heaves can be cured by the use of salt pork, but alleviated still more than by feeding wet food without the pork.

Commence with a piece of pork, say a cubic inch, chopped very fine and mixed with the wetted grain or cut feed, twice a day for two or three days. Then from day to day increase the quantity and cut less fine, until there is given with each feed, such a slice as usually by a farmer's wife, is cut for frying, nearly as large as your hand, cut into fifteen or twenty pieces. Continue this for two weeks, and the horse is capable of any ordinary work without distress, and without showing the heaves. I have experienced and observed for the past ten years as proof of the above.—*Country Gentleman.*

Let your wits be your friend, your mind your companion, your tongue your servant.

REPORT OF FOWNS SEEN ON MILK COWS.—A. Clary, of Conn., writes the N. E. Farmer in regard to this subject, as follows:—

"First, I fed my cows one week with one large or two small pumpkins to each cow twice a day. Their milk decreased two or three quarts to each cow a day, from what they gave the first week previous. I then fed them one week with the same quantity of pumpkins as before, and took out the seeds. They increased in a greater proportion of milk than they decreased the week previous. I then fed them alternately, three or four weeks, and they varied in their milk very much as the first weeks."

The diuretic quality of pumpkin seeds is well known, and they will always prove injurious to animals if fed in large quantity. Fowls have sometimes eaten of them so largely as to produce death.

Useful Receipts.

ICE CREAM.—Take one quart of new milk, one pint of thick, sweet cream, three eggs—beat thoroughly—two tablespoons of extract of any kind you prefer—"vanilla," "lemon," or any other—some use the vanilla bean. Have the sugar powdered; add the sugar to the mixture in such a proportion as will make it sickly sweet, as a part of it freezes out. Some put in a small quantity of arrowroot or corn starch, but that is unnecessary if you have good cream and plenty of eggs. Put the whole in a preserving kettle, with a vessel of hot water under to prevent it having a burnt taste; let it come to a scalding heat; then strain it into a freezer. Have ice pounded, (snow is better); put a quart of coarse salt with two of snow or ice. Mix the snow and salt well together and press around the freezer. Stir with a wooden spoon until it commences freezing around the sides; then cover, and only stir it occasionally. Put a hot towel around it to take it out; dip the towel in hot water and it will slip from the freezer easily.—*Country Gentleman.*

FOR CHILBLAINS.—THE BEST YET.—Immerse the feet in salt water as hot as can be borne. Have a kettle of boiling water by you, and gradually increase the temperature by pouring it in. The feet will become puffy and swollen. Keep the feet in for half an hour or longer, and then wipe dry, and go to bed, and it will be found that the soreness and inflammation have entirely subsided. Remember this—it is so simple and effectual.

NOTE.—Somebody says that water in which potatoes have been boiled, is good to use in this way for chilblains.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

YEAST FOR BREAD.—The following methods of making yeast for bread are both easy and expeditious:—Boil one pound of good flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt, in two gallons of water, for one hour; when milk-warm, bottle it, and cork it close; it will be fit for use in twenty-four hours. One pint of this will make eighteen pounds of bread.

ANOTHER WAY.—To a pound of mashed potatoes (mealy ones are best) add two ounces of brown sugar, and two spoonfuls of common yeast. The potatoes first to be passed through a colander, and mixed with warm water to a proper consistency. Thus a pound of potatoes will make a pound of good yeast. Keep it moderately warm while fermenting. No sugar is used by bakers when adding the pulp of potatoes to their rising.

RECIPE FOR MAKING GOOD BREAD.—A celebrated baker of excellent bread, having retired from business, has furnished the following recipe for making good bread, with a request that it should be published for the information of the public:—

"Take an earthen vessel, larger at the top than the bottom, and in it put one pint of milk-warm water, one and a half pounds of flour, and half a pint of malt yeast; mix them well together, and set it away (in winter it should be in a warm place,) until it rises and falls again, which will be in from three to five hours (it may be set at night if wanted in the morning;) then put two large spoonfuls of salt into two quarts of water, and mix it well with the above rising; then put in about nine pounds of flour and work your dough well, and set it by until it becomes light. Then make it out into loaves. New flour requires one-fourth more salt than old and dry flour. The water also should be tempered according to the weather; in spring and fall, it should only be milk-warm; in hot weather, cold; and in winter, warm."

The oven should be made hotter than necessary, and allowed to cool down after being cleared, so that a handful of flour thrown in will not burn, but turn a brown color. The loaves may be formed while trying the temperature of the oven, and be put in soon after. If the loaves are large, it will require a little more than an hour to bake them sufficiently.

LIQUID SILVER MIX.—Although not entirely new, yet not generally known, is the fact that the ocean contains an immense quantity of silver. At the last session of the Academy of Sciences, it was stated that experiments have demonstrated the waters of the Atlantic to contain about a grain Troy of that metal to every 15,000 pounds of water. According to this computation, the waters of the ocean contain a much greater quantity of the precious metal than has ever yet been extracted from the bowels of the earth. The surplus say its prepossession may be accounted for on two theories—it may either proceed from the emanations of chloride of silver, issuing from the bosom of the earth, or from the slow action which salt water exercises on the argentiferous sulphurets which crop out from the earth, both on the land and at the bottom of the ocean; at any rate, they are satisfied it is there, but as it costs now about ten times as much to extract it as it is worth, it is not probable that this immense placer of silver will entice away many of the oyster diggers, who have recently fallen so fortunately upon the big bed of bivalves on some portions of the water bed.

The Chinese method of taking off boots is as follows:—They place the brogan in a vice, and apply a yoke to the neck, worked by a wheel, which only stops working when the boot or head comes off.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 6, 13, 5, 9, 4, 5, is what ladies usually desire to be.

My 1, 12, 3, is the name of a fowl.

My 14, 11, 8, 7, 1, is a lady's name.

My 1, 11, 3, 3, 7, 1, is a lady's name.

My 6, 7, 12, 4, 6, 5, is what none can do without.

My 14, 4, 6, 7, 8, 5, is the name of a candidate for the Presidency in 1860.

My 3, 2, 5, is a token of recognition.

My 3, 13, 9, is the nickname of a man.

My 10, 2, 3, 4, is a part of the formation of both man and beast.

My 1, 7, 12, is part of the apparel of man.

My 9, 11, 12, 4, 14, is the name of a fruit.

My whole is the name of a candidate for the Presidency in 1860.

Philadelphia. PETER.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 2, 1, 14, is an article of apparel.

My 5, 12, 7, is a number.

My 9, 3, 4, 10, is dear to every one.

My 11, 2, 6, 8, 5, is a color.

My 4, 1, 13, 8, is part of a ship.

My whole is sought by many.

FRANK FANE.

Willow Grove, Montgomery Co., Pa.

RIDDLE.

Ye mortals—wonder! I'm an elf,

A strange, mysterious thing;

More powerful than all the sprites

Within a magic ring.

I speak—although I have no tongue—

I speak, and thrill the soul;

I sing—and many a song I've sung

Resounds, while ages roll.

I am a weapon, strong and keen,

All made of glittering steel;

But human souls—not senseless flesh—

My sharp two edges feel.

The greatest writer e'er was born,—

But, ah!—a thiefish elf;

For what I write is not, alas!

Original with myself.

I often take a cooling bath;

But, like the Ethiopian's skin,

When I have bathed, I'm blacker still

Than when I did begin!

Most kind am I; I glad the heart

Of many a wretched wight,